

# THE NATION

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### EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Government has justified Indian forecasts by appointing a Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the working of the Indian Reforms and advise upon the revision of the Act of 1919. Sir John Simon is chairman, and the six other members comprise two peers (Lords Burnham and Strathcona), two Conservative members of the Commons (Mr. E. C. Cadogan and Colonel Lane-Fox), and two Labour members (Mr. Stephen Walsh and Major Attlee). The procedure decided upon or recommended was outlined in brief statements by the Prime Minister and Lord Birkenhead, and at Delhi on the same day was described and defended in a characteristically earnest and elaborate statement by the Viceroy. The aim of the Parliamentary Commission is a report, which it is hoped will be unanimous, designed to command the full

assent of Parliament. The demand for Indian representation is met by the proposal that the All-India Legislative Assembly should appoint a committee of its own members to receive and prepare Indian criticisms and proposals, and that this procedure should be followed also by the provincial Legislatures. As under the Act the Commission is not due until the end of 1929, the Government will pass a short enabling Bill. It is proposed that the Commission should pay a short visit to India in the new year, and be prepared for a longer visit in the autumn.

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The appointment of the Commission is an important event, and unfortunately it is controversial. Sir John Simon is its only eminent member, and this fact has given point to the severe comments of the Indian Press. It is easy to understand the reasons which have led the Government to reject the demand for a mixed Commission and to decide upon the special form of Indian consultation to be adopted. That form is extensive, for, in addition to the thorough assembling of opinion in India, there will be an opportunity, as in 1919, for full discussion before a Joint Committee of the Houses in London. Nevertheless, the Swarajist and other party leaders have received the announcement with threats of a boycott. Sir Abdur Rahim, the Bengal Moslem leader, for example, condemns the procedure as "a momentous departure from the past attitude of the British Government," while the Swarajists use far stronger language. This seems to us regrettable. The essential point for consideration, we submit, is the extreme difficulty of finding an effective and satisfying method of obtaining Indian co-operation in the working out of a revised Constitution. The Government's solution is ingenious and promising, although it cannot be denied that in respect of personnel the Commission is vulnerable enough.

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Parliament reassembled on Tuesday for the short autumn session and heard the Prime Minister's statement on the Statutory Commission on Indian Reforms. The first legislative business was the consideration of the Landlord and Tenant Bill which has returned to the House after a stormy voyage through a standing committee where it was severely buffeted by back-bench Tories. On Wednesday, the Labour Party moved the rejection of the Blanesburgh Bill, on the ground that it fails to effect a fairer distribution of the burden of unemployment insurance, will further increase charges on the rates, reduces already inadequate scales of benefit, and imposes impossible conditions for the receipt of benefit. The first day's debate on this Bill was chiefly notable for a really valuable speech by Captain Macmillan, the Unionist Member for Stockton-on-Tees, who criticized both the Blanesburgh Committee and the Government for their superficial treat-

ment of the unemployment problem. His own solution combined higher rates of benefit for the temporarily unemployed—the “ins and outs” of the insurance scheme—with national relief, outside the insurance fund, and training for able-bodied unemployed who are unlikely, owing to the decline of their trades, to obtain work in their old vocations. Captain Macmillan's speech was one of the ablest and most constructive speeches which we can recall in the present Parliament.

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The treaty with Yugoslavia, which the French Government is about to sign, is generally assumed to be an ordinary treaty of friendship on the *post-bellum* model, with the usual arbitration clause, and the usual provision for the neutrality of each side in case the other contracting party is involved in war. These treaties are becoming very common; and whether their effect is helpful or harmful will depend on whether they are treated as pillars or struts of the public law of Europe, supplementing and integrating the provisions of the League Covenant, or as the foundations for groupings and encirclements on the bad old model. There have been disquieting rumours that the negotiations between Paris and Belgrade embrace a clause binding the parties to mutual support within the counsels of the League. It would be foolish to believe these rumours without much stronger evidence than any that has been put forward; but the relations between France and the Little Entente have thrown a certain suspicion on French policy in the Balkans, and the text of the treaty will be awaited with interest.

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Meanwhile, it is a serious fact that a considerable section of the French Press and the whole Italian Press regard the treaty as a blow to Italy. The Italian view is, apparently, that any treaty of friendship between France and Yugoslavia is an unfriendly act, since “the way of Balkan and Danubian peace and equilibrium passes and will pass through Rome.” The French reply that these negotiations were begun as far back as 1923, and have been delayed in the hope that a tripartite agreement—a sort of Adriatic Locarno—might be concluded with Italy and Yugoslavia. It is indeed equally natural that Yugoslavia should cultivate the friendship of France, and that the Italians should resent her doing so. The Fascist notion of establishing diplomatic prestige has hitherto been to behave arrogantly and arbitrarily to a weaker neighbour, and when the weaker neighbour has pocketed the affront, to close the incident by emphatic references to the greatness of Italy and the unconquerable will of the Duce. This method does not tend to inspire confidence, and it is highly probable that Yugoslavia will be less submissive if she feels that France is behind her. The disquieting result of the tension thus created is that instead of drawing together in the League, the States of Europe are gathering again in hostile camps.

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It has been known for some weeks that Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparation Payments, had presented a Memorandum to the German Government, criticizing severely the trend of German financial policy. The text of this Memorandum, dated October 20th, has now been published. It opens with a detailed analysis of what Mr. Gilbert calls “the accumulating evidences of over-spending and over-borrowing on the part of the German public authorities.” The expenditure of the Reich has risen rapidly during the past two years, resulting in substantial deficits which have been met by borrowing and the appropriation of reserve

funds. Yet the Government continues to sanction measures which will increase expenditure still further; notably, the raising of the salaries of officials, active and retired; the compensation of German nationals for loss of property abroad; and a new school law. Meanwhile, nothing has been done to overhaul the financial arrangements between the Reich and the various States under which the latter are at present entitled to draw large defined percentages of some of the most productive taxes (75 per cent., for example, of the income tax and corporation tax). Indeed, a settlement of this question has been expressly postponed for two years. The States and Communes, for their part, appear also to be living beyond their means. Altogether there is a lack of “proper restraint” in expenditure which is “endangering the stability of the Budget, the establishment and maintenance of which were the cornerstone of the experts’ plan for the reconstruction of Germany.”

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The Agent-General does not suggest that there is any serious danger of Germany failing to pay the stipulated Reparation annuities. On the contrary, he professes himself satisfied that “the payment of these sums is amply secured by the assigned revenues and other specific securities.” His concern is lest the over-spending and over-borrowing should indirectly impede the process of “transfer,” which has always been the root difficulty of the Reparations problem. To establish the connection, he elaborates a lengthy argument. The public expenditure tends to increase prices; the public borrowing makes for an expansion of credit which also tends to increase prices; and the increase of prices tends to stimulate imports and diminish exports, and thus to check the growth of an “export surplus” on which the possibilities of transfer ultimately depend. Accordingly, Mr. Gilbert warns the German Government that its responsibilities “do not end with the internal payments” :—

“It is only natural, as I have said, for the creditors of Germany to feel that reasonable prudence in the management of the public finances is a necessary element of good will; and it would not be surprising if outside observers should draw the conclusion that the financial policies followed in the past year have not been in the interest of Germany's reparation obligations under the plan.”

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That Mr. Gilbert's arguments are essentially sound is unquestionable; and the German Government would do wisely to take his criticisms very seriously (as their reply suggests that they propose to do). At the same time, it is important to remember that the peccadilloes of the German Government in the matter of finance are a comparatively minor detail amid the large dilemmas that compose the transfer problem. Germany has as yet no large acquired “export surplus” which can serve as a basis of transfer. She shows no signs of acquiring it, nor is it in the least likely that she would be within sight of acquiring it if the Reich had conducted its finances with impeccable austerity. Nor, again, is there anything which British business men would more dislike than to see Germany acquire a large export surplus, meaning as this must mean a large increase in her exports of coal, textiles, iron and steel, chemicals, and machinery. It is, indeed, hardly too much to say that Germany's neighbours and creditors would take effective steps to prevent her acquiring an export surplus commensurate with the Dawes annuities, the moment she showed signs of doing so. Such perplexities are kept in abeyance for the time being by the fact that Germany, as a people, is borrowing from abroad, and notably from America, as much as and

more than the Reparation payments, and, so long as she does this, transfer can continue without any export surplus. But how long can it continue? It is impossible, as Sir Josiah Stamp observed this week at Manchester:—

"to go on for ever with purely financial settlements, getting rid of a big I.O.U. for a particular year by means of a series of I.O.U.s for succeeding years, and then discharging each of these in turn by a brood of future I.O.U.s, and so on *ad infinitum*."

The time may soon come, as he hinted, when it will be necessary to co-ordinate the attitudes of the taxpayer, the industrialist, and the investor.

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It would be most unfortunate if the projected Abyssinian dam on the Blue Nile were to become the subject of a new Anglo-American controversy, and Sir Austen Chamberlain's statement should serve a useful purpose in allaying any Press excitement. In itself the position is perfectly clear. It has been formally recognized by the League of Nations that such questions as the construction of a dam on the Upper Nile affect the interests of all the riparian States and must be dealt with in concert. Apart from this, Abyssinia is specifically bound by the Treaty of 1902 to obtain the consent of the British Government, who are trustees for Egyptian as well as Sudanese interests, and are acting at present in cordial co-operation with Sarwat Pasha. It would obviously facilitate the task of carrying out any agreement for the protection of Egyptian and Sudanese interests if the construction of the dam were in British hands; but provided the terms of the Treaty are observed, the Regent is quite within his rights in placing the contract with an American firm.

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It was hardly tactful of Ras Tafari Makonnen to have opened negotiations with the American contractors before negotiating with the British and Sudanese Governments for the consent required by the Treaty of 1902, as it opens the way for the suggestion that any objections, offered on the score of Egyptian and Sudanese riparian rights, are really dictated by a desire to obtain the concession for a British firm. It may be suspected that the Regent knew perfectly well what he was doing in the matter, and that at least one motive behind the contract was a desire to present the British Government with an embarrassing problem. It will be remembered that, not long ago, Abyssinia appealed to the League in respect of the Agreement between Great Britain and Italy with regard to Abyssinian affairs. This drew from Sir Austen Chamberlain a reassuring statement, which was officially accepted by the Regent; but the impression remained that he considered, reasonably enough, that Abyssinia had been cavalierly treated in the conclusion of an agreement with regard to interests in Abyssinia, without any previous communication with the Abyssinian Government. It looks as though one of Sir Austen's chickens was coming home to roost.

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The Chinese leaders are giving fresh proofs of their capacity for subdividing the country. Wang Ching-wei, a gentleman who disapproves of both the Nanking and the Hankow Governments on account of their undue moderation, has recently arrived in Canton, proclaimed a boycott of British goods (out of sympathy with those national heroes the Bias Bay pirates), and is endeavouring to organize a new Government. The boycott is not likely to last long; it is apparently a mere reminder that Wang, who was the principal organizer of the boycott in 1925, is a competent and patriotic person. Nevertheless, the prospects of the Chinese merchant

community at Canton—our oldest customers in China—are not promising. The serious side of the new move is the apparent tendency of every crack in the flimsy structure of the Kuomintang to become a fissure. The Powers, and China, are paying dearly for the long delay in investigation of the Shanghai shootings, and the refusal of the Powers to negotiate with the Nationalists. They would not recognize one *de facto* Government in the South, when recognition might have given it some solidity; they are now faced with at least three, and the prospect of more to follow.

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The place usually occupied by Mr. Garvin in the centre of the OBSERVER was taken last Sunday by Herr Emil Ludwig with a three-column article on reconciliation between Britain, France, and Germany. With the general spirit of this article we are, of course, in full sympathy, but we feel impelled to call attention to a curious inconsistency in Herr Ludwig's argument, because it rather strikingly illustrates a confusion of thought which is causing much unnecessary dissension among European internationalists. In one column Herr Ludwig writes:—

"The Locarno Treaty was merely an outline sketch. . . . Whether England can do more, and whether she could recently have done in Geneva what we expected of her, we do not know, nor can we judge whether Mr. MacDonald's sound Geneva policy was premature. . . ."

It is clear that Herr Ludwig is a supporter of the Protocol, like many progressive Germans upon whose support our British Protocolists greatly rely. But in the next column, he writes:—

"What we in Germany regret and object to is the continued and illogical resistance of London to the improvement of Germany's Eastern frontier. The idea of solution adopted there is so unreasonable, so little interest is taken in the question in London, that we look rather to what is perhaps approaching in the House of Commons—a majority of the Left to speak the authoritative word capable of bringing about a saving change, instead of having a new war prepared for us through persisting friction."

Evidently Herr Ludwig does not realize that "Mr. MacDonald's sound Geneva policy" would make that "saving change" more difficult and even commit us to waging war if necessary to prevent it. How many of the Protocolists share this confusion?

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Now that Parliament has reassembled we hope that the attention of the Home Secretary will be called to last year's lead poisoning figures. The deaths of fourteen persons, three of them women, in the pottery industry, are a clear indication that the existing regulations are failing to achieve their object. For some years past the official explanation, now apparently being abandoned, of such deaths has been that they were those of elderly persons whose constitutions had been undermined under the old regime. It did not seem plausible: presumably there were elderly workers before 1913 as well as afterwards, and a progressive diminution of deaths might reasonably be expected. Actually, there have been more fatal cases in the potteries in the last seven years than in any other seven consecutive years since 1900. The time is ripe for a fresh inquiry, and in particular the Home Secretary might well be asked whether a schedule could not be drawn up of articles in the manufacture of which either leadless glazes or glazes of low solubility should alone be allowed. Meanwhile, Messrs. P. S. King & Son have published a substantial volume of data collected by the International Labour Office in regard to the use of white lead in the painting industry.

## COAL AND COTTON

FOR some time past, coal and cotton have stood out, even against the generally unhappy background of our basic trades, as the industries which are in the most critical condition. They are industries of the same broad type, old-established industries, carried on by a large number of comparatively small business units, and leaving the function of marketing to an equally old-established system of exchanges and merchant-houses. They are confronted with the same unpleasant phenomenon—a stagnant or declining demand for their products, where they used to take for granted a rapidly expanding demand. They have attempted hitherto to adjust themselves to this new fact in different ways. The colliery-owners have staked everything on winning back their lost trade and restoring the pre-war buoyancy of the demand for British coal. They have gone out for lower wages and longer hours, careless as to the effect which longer hours must have in weakening markets and increasing unemployment, caring only that they would make for lower costs. They have, through their accredited Association, rejected with vehemence, and almost with outraged virtue, all suggestions, pressed on them by official Commissions, that mines should be amalgamated, that marketing should be organized, that, to use the now fashionable phrase, the industry should be rationalized.

The cotton industry, on the other hand, relied for a long time on its traditional device of organized short-time, a device well enough adapted to a purely temporary depression, but dubious and manifestly inadequate as a long-period policy. In the present year, however, it has attempted, through the instrumentality of the Cotton Yarn Association, to remedy the defects of this policy and to prepare the way for a genuine reconstruction of the industry. Mr. J. M. Keynes has told the story of this experiment, and discussed the difficulties confronting it, in various articles in this journal in recent months.

In both these industries, there have been, during the past fortnight, developments which are interesting and important in themselves, and which are made still more interesting by their conjuncture. The coal-owners, it is clear, are now disillusioned and alarmed. Under the pressure of a supply which has constantly tended to exceed demand, prices have been forced down to levels which are quite unremunerative despite all the reductions in labour-costs which they obtained last year. Heavy financial losses are becoming general, and insupportable. Nor is any prospect of relief discernible along the lines of their existing policy. There is accordingly a strong reaction against *laissez-faire* Fundamentalism, and a strong movement towards "rationalization." In South Wales, a project for a district Cartel has actually been drafted and approved by the Commercial Committee of the owners' association.

While the coal industry is thus reacting against *laissez-faire*, the cotton industry is, for the moment, reverting to it. Promises of support for the scheme of control, provisionally agreed between the Yarn Association and the Spinners' Federation, have fallen below the 80 per cent. of spindles which was deemed essential.

In these circumstances, the directors of the Yarn Association have decided that the continuance of the control would be unfair to their own members, and have announced the suspension of all regulations for the time being. Thus the cotton trade, as the headlines put it, is once more "free." No one in Lancashire affects to regard this decision with complacent equanimity. For some time, it is admitted, matters are likely to go, financially, from bad to worse. But there is a disposition, which the innate dislike which we all feel for every form of restriction makes very natural, to argue that the failure of control may prove a blessing in the end. Perhaps it is best that some mills should go bankrupt as soon as possible. Of course, this will not help much, if the mills are sold at break-up prices to purchasers who then compete with the advantage of negligible standing charges; but perhaps this will not happen to all of them. And again, is there not a good chance that, in the words of a "cotton-trade leader," quoted by the *TIMES* :—

"there will be a lowering of prices all round, which may react so favourably on export trade as to create the very flow of trade, especially with the East, upon which the recovery of the industry depends."

Here we have the crux of the matter. This is the underlying psychological obstacle which has contributed as much as the mere "selfishness" of which the Yarn Association complains, to wreck its schemes. There is still a large section in the cotton trade which believes, like the coal-owners a year ago, that, given keen competition and a resolute refusal to worry about over-production, Lancashire may still hope to recapture her lost trade.

Let us pause for a moment to note what elements this section includes. A paradox presents itself. In coal, the miners have for some time past recognized the inevitability of a contraction in the scale of the industry. It was part of their case against longer hours and lower wages last year that the idea that we could thereby do a vastly increased trade was a delusion. The owners were able to rally a certain amount of public support by denouncing this attitude as almost criminal "defeatism." In the cotton trade, the positions are reversed. Here the majority of the employers have been striving to adapt their trade to a restricted scale of output, while the charge of "defeatism" has been hurled at them from the operatives' side. The language, for example, of Mr. Boothman, the Secretary of the Operative Spinners, as to the craven folly of supposing that Lancashire cannot win back her old position, closely resembles the language of Sir Adam Nimmo.

One does not need to look far for an explanation of this contrast. In coal, wages and hours were under challenge, and the bias of the miners was naturally against the view that lower costs would achieve wonders for the industry. In the cotton trade, there is no serious challenge to wages or hours, while the operatives have long been fond of attributing the troubles of the industry to a skeleton in the employers' cupboard—the inflated capital values at which so many mills changed hands in the mill-buying boom eight years ago. Wring out this water, they have said in effect, write down your capital to a reasonable figure, and the cotton trade will go ahead once more. We feel the same difficulty about this contention that we felt about the

owners' contention in the coal dispute. We pointed out in that connection that the total reduction in labour-costs for which the owners were asking fell short of the subsidy which they had just been drawing, that they could not hope, therefore, to reduce prices below their pre-strike level, unless they sold at a loss; why, then, should they expect to do a larger trade? Similarly, with the capitalization point of the cotton operatives. The prices at which the cotton trade has recently been selling its goods have been barely remunerative on a modest basis of capitalization. Desirable as it no doubt is to write down inflated capital, it is not easy to see how this can materially affect the situation. In the long run, the logic of selling cheap enough to secure a big recovery of trade must lead, in cotton as in coal, to an attack on wages and hours, a point on which the operatives would do wisely to reflect.

But do the same considerations, it may be asked, apply to cotton that apply to coal? The demand for coal has been affected by the development of oil and water-power, and by much more economical methods of using coal itself. The world consumption of coal has thus become comparatively stagnant; there is a genuine excess of productive capacity; and for such a situation rationalization, involving an attempt to adjust supply deliberately to demand, and perhaps leading on to international agreements, may be the appropriate remedy. But is not the whole perspective of the cotton problem different? Does not the world consumption of cotton goods continue to grow as rapidly as ever? Is not our loss of trade demonstrably due to the fact that we have been undercut by competitors, whose trade is expanding, while ours is declining; and if this is so, does it not follow that it is perfectly feasible for us to recover our trade by selling cheap enough? Yes, we reply, by selling cheap *enough*. But the reductions of cost required to put us on really competitive terms, as regards the commoner varieties of cotton goods, with countries which employ very low-paid labour, may be beyond the limits of practicable attainment. Our loss of cotton trade is, in a sense, a matter of price; but, behind the question of price, there lies a more fundamental fact. The operations of the cotton industry are marked by a long-established standardization, such that the highest qualities of technical and manual skill are not so important as they were. Such an industry tends naturally to pass more and more to countries with a lower standard of life than our own. The tendency has been at work for many years, it has operated very gradually, as all such tendencies do; but, now that it has gathered momentum it is not likely to be reversed. The true way of meeting it is to turn over more and more, as of course Lancashire has always been doing, to the finer qualities of goods, in which our advantages still count for most.

An excess of productive capacity is thus, we think, a real problem in coal and cotton alike. From the present state of the two industries there emerge three morals applicable to both—(1) the need for rationalization; (2) the difficulties of it; (3) the importance, if these difficulties are to be overcome, that public opinion, within and without the industries, should recognize the need more clearly and more whole-heartedly than it does to-day.

## THE BALFOUR DECLARATION AND AFTER

TEN years ago Lord Allenby was fighting his way through Judea and was already threatening Jerusalem. His advance had been stubbornly opposed, and the enemy's armies remained unbroken. Nearly a year was to elapse before the issue was finally decided at the battles of Sharon and Mount Ephraim. The fate of Palestine still hung in the balance, but it was clear that among the possibilities of the future were its effective occupation by the Allies and its eventual detachment from the Turkish Empire. If the Allies found Palestine on their hands at the close of the war, what was to follow? The nominal answer was to be found in the Secret Treaties of 1916. An international administration was to be established in what was left of Palestine after the Bay of Acre had been taken over by Great Britain, and a slice of Upper Galilee, including the head-waters of the Jordan, had been added to the French zone to the North. A truncated Palestine was, in fact, to play Tangier to a moroccanized Syria. Such was the purport of the Sykes-Picot Agreement.

The Secret Treaties disregarded the aspirations of the Jews as completely as they ruled out any exclusive control of Palestine by Great Britain. But by the time the Egyptian Expeditionary Force was advancing on Jerusalem, they had already become obsolete. The calculations of 1916 had been disturbed, and were in the end to be invalidated, by new forces which had since been set in motion. More than ten years before the War, Great Britain had given practical proof of her sympathy with the aims of Zionism. In 1902 the British Government of the day had actively interested itself in proposals for Jewish colonization under Zionist auspices in the Peninsula of Sinai. These proposals having been set aside as impracticable, the Government had come forward with a tentative offer of facilities for the foundation of an autonomous Jewish settlement in East Africa. In Zionist eyes there could be no substitute for Palestine. Warmly as it was appreciated, the offer was not one of which the Zionist Organization felt able to take advantage. But it was not forgotten. The entry of Turkey into the War in 1914 made it at least not unlikely that among the questions to be disposed of in the peace settlement would be that of the future of Palestine. The Zionists were not slow to grasp their opportunity. Within a few months of the outbreak of war, a movement had been set on foot for the establishment in Palestine, in the event of an Allied victory, of a national home for the Jews under British protection. Romantic as they may have seemed at first sight, these proposals made an impression on imaginative minds. There were influential quarters in which they were taken seriously almost from the outset. As the war went on and the fighting in the Canal Zone brought Palestine into the foreground, they attracted an increasing measure of attention. On the question of a British protectorate the friends of Zionism were inclined in the main to be non-committal. What they urged, and urged with growing conviction, was that Great Britain should use her influence in favour of a settlement giving due weight to the historic claims of the Jews. On this point the Zionists had behind them a powerful and growing body of British supporters. It was not, however, until early in 1917 that they were encouraged to lay their case before the Government. By the autumn the Cabinet was satisfied that the time had come for a public expression of British sympathy with Zionist aspirations. The outcome was the Balfour Declaration, which pledged Great Britain to use her best endeavours to facilitate the establishment in

Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. The Declaration made no reference to the political future of Palestine, and did not necessarily imply that any special or exclusive responsibility would devolve upon Great Britain. France concurred in the Declaration—indeed, she had endorsed it in advance—but it did not follow that in doing so she renounced her traditional status in Palestine or her rights under the Secret Agreements. By the end of 1918 France had relinquished her claims in favour of Great Britain; but even at the Peace Conference, Lord Balfour, at any rate, did not regard the final settlement as *chose jugée*. A collection of State papers recently published in Washington includes a letter dated January 13th, 1922, in which Lord Balfour, after referring to the delicacy of the task which Great Britain has undertaken in Palestine, reminds Mr. Hughes that “at Paris I always warmly advocated that it should be undertaken, not by Britain, but by the U.S.A.” The Declaration of 1917, strictly construed, was not an announcement that Great Britain would herself preside over the establishment of the Jewish national home. But there could be little doubt as to the direction in which it pointed. It set on foot, or at all events precipitated, a succession of events which ended in the allotment of the Mandate to Great Britain and the rectification of the arbitrary frontiers designed for Palestine in 1916.

It was not until the spring of 1920 that the Mandate was formally assigned to Great Britain at San Remo. A series of exasperating difficulties had still to be overcome before the terms of the Mandate were confirmed by the Council of the League in the summer of 1922. Meanwhile, Palestine was kept in a demoralizing state of suspense, and the Government was seriously embarrassed in its primary task of pacification. It was a task which seemed likely in any case to be formidable. At the close of the War, Palestine, like the rest of the Arab world, was in a ferment of unrest. In Syria, across the border, Arab nationalists were already intoxicated with dreams of an Arab Empire of which Palestine was to form part. In Palestine the national movement looked like taking the form of a violent protest against the Balfour Declaration and the Jewish ascendancy which it was commonly believed to imply. The anti-Zionist agitation led to riots in the streets of Jerusalem in 1920 and culminated in a sanguinary collision between Arabs and Jews at Jaffa in 1921. But the cool and imperturbable statesmanship of Sir Herbert Samuel gradually bore fruit. In the past six years there has been no serious disturbance of the public peace, and when Syria blazed into insurrection two years ago, Palestine remained perfectly tranquil. Nor is this merely a case in which the strong arm has driven discontent underground. The Arab opposition throve on the fear of the unknown. What has disarmed it is the fact that its gloomy predictions have obstinately refused to come true. In the rural areas more especially the Arabs have begun to realize that the Jews can be good and, indeed, profitable neighbours. In the towns religious passions run higher and commercial rivalries are more acute; but there, too, the tension has sensibly relaxed. It would be rash to draw the complacent inference that a stable equilibrium has now been finally established. Palestine is an island in an Arab sea. Incalculable forces have been set in motion in the Arab world, and no one can say how they will work themselves out. What is of more immediate importance, the Government of Palestine has still to deal with the thorny problem of self-government. A first instalment of representative institutions was offered to Palestine in 1922, but the Arab opposition rejected it out of hand, and organized a successful boycott of the elections for the Legislative Council. The elections were annulled, and the Constitution of 1922 has since remained a dead letter. Pales-

tine has an abundance of elected municipal and village Councils, but the central Government is, on paper at least, more autocratic than that of almost any of the neighbouring countries. But if in this respect Palestine is more backward than its neighbours, there is nothing to suggest that it is less contented. On the contrary, it can claim to have been for some years past the most peaceful country in the Middle East. It is not for nothing that the cost of the British garrison, now reduced to a few Air Force units on the Eastern frontier, has fallen in this year's Estimates to £300,000, as compared with £1,724,000 five years ago. But more can be claimed for the British Administration than that it has kept the peace. It has reorganized and purified the law courts, given Palestine improved communications, both by rail and road, and provided it with more than three hundred Government schools in which nearly 20,000 Arab children are receiving a free elementary education.

How, then, has it fared with the Jews? Sir Herbert Samuel, in his final report to the Colonial Office, points out that “the Jewish movement has been self-dependent. . . . If it has been able to rely on the Government of Palestine to maintain order and to impose no unnecessary obstacles, for the rest it has had to rely upon its own internal resources.” It is felt in some quarters, and it was strongly urged at the recent Zionist Congress, that the time has come when the Government may reasonably be asked to adopt a less passive attitude towards Jewish colonization. One criticism of the Palestine Administration is that it has so far done little or nothing to facilitate the settlement of Jews on the land. Another is that it has hampered the development both of agriculture and industry by retaining almost unchanged an antiquated system of internal taxation which no British administrator would ever have introduced on his own initiative. These grievances are apt to be overstated, but they can hardly be said to be altogether imaginary. Be that as it may, the Jews have had, up to the present, to rely in the main upon themselves. They have made more rapid progress than many detached observers would have believed to be probable ten years ago. Since the War, there has been a net immigration of (in round figures) nearly 80,000 Jews, with the result that the Jewish population has increased to over 150,000, or about 18 per cent. of the whole, as compared with 55,000, or about 8 per cent., in 1918. The Jewish population on the land has more than doubled and is now well over 30,000. In the towns the Jews have created a number of infant industries, of which some have died or are dying, but others, including several of the most ambitious, seem likely to survive and prosper. Hebrew, now recognized as one of the three official languages, has firmly taken root as the Jewish vernacular. There is a network of Hebrew schools, and a beginning has been made with the establishment of a Hebrew University.

The period of expansion culminated in the unexampled influx of Jewish immigrants and Jewish capital which marked the first half of 1925. The boom was followed by a sharp reaction, which was aggravated in 1926 by a disappointing harvest and an outbreak of cattle-plague, and in 1927 by a succession of earthquakes. The depression still continues. During the past few months there have been more emigrants than immigrants, and Zionist resources have been severely strained in providing for the Jewish unemployed, whose numbers have risen at times to something in the neighbourhood of eight thousand. Thus the tenth anniversary of the Balfour Declaration finds the new Palestine the trough of the waves. But there is no need to take an alarmist view of what the historian of ten years hence will probably record as nothing more than

a temporary set-back. The main source of the trouble is the Jewish township of Tel-Aviv, whose zeal for rapid development has outrun its discretion. The Jewish agricultural settlements have weathered the storm, and Jewish industry, though severely buffeted, has by no means gone under. There is nothing to suggest that the economic structure is inherently unsound or that a recovery may not be looked for in due course. As the Government of Palestine points out in its latest report to the League of Nations, "there is possibly some danger that unduly pessimistic inferences may be made from the present situation. . . . It must be remembered that time is an essential, perhaps the prime, factor in successful Jewish settlement. . . . The enterprise of the Palestine Electric Corporation, the concession in whose favour has now been signed, harbour improvements, and other enterprises of a constructive nature will, in the future, it is hoped, provide employment for all labour surplus to present requirements, and should pave the way to new economic developments." Palestine is passing through a period of acute discomfort, but there is no reason to suppose that it is suffering from anything more serious than growing-pains.

LEONARD STEIN.

## MR. BALDWIN INTERPRETS

I HAD been reading Major Walter Elliot's stimulating little book, "Toryism and the Twentieth Century,"\* and was dozing over the fire. But it would not be fair to give the impression that the book had sent me to sleep. On the contrary, it had kept me awake long after my usual bedtime, and left me stupefied by its audacity. Sleep was subsequently induced by a futile effort to separate the grain from the chaff; to decide whether there is any justification at all for the amusing division of mankind into two groups—the Whigs, mathematicians, rationalists, philosophers, on the one hand; and the Tories, biologists, evolutionists, intuitionists, on the other.

The answer to the puzzle was given to me in a dream, and it was given by Mr. Baldwin.

"Can I help you?" inquired the Prime Minister, kindly.

"I think you can," said I. "You've written an introduction to the book, so you've probably read it. I realize, of course, that in the historical chapters, Elliot has taken care that 'the Whig dogs shall get the worst of it,' and I know that he is a biologist, so I can make due allowance for the glorification of biology in the scientific chapters; what I can't quite make out is whether the whole thing is a mere squib, or whether there is some real fire behind the fireworks."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Baldwin, "there is a solid foundation of truth beneath the whole argument. Take the avowed thesis of the book, that the beliefs of the Right, the philosophy of Toryism, involve a humility of the intellect; a distrust of over-rigid logical processes; a trust in continuity; a conviction that whatever has worked once may work again; and finally a certain optimism. Cannot you see all those characteristics exemplified in the present Cabinet?"

"I haven't noticed much intellectual humility about Lord Birkenhead," I remarked.

"Birkenhead's a law unto himself—"

"Well, what about Lord Balfour?"

"He's not typical," said Mr. Baldwin, hastily. "There is no doubt that the average Tory is intellectually humble; that is one reason why I always appoint Liberals to Royal Commissions and similar bodies where a little in-

tellectual self-confidence is desirable. Then there is the distrust of logical processes; you must have noticed that."

"Yes, especially in Jix!" I cried.

"And a trust in continuity; a conviction that whatever has worked once may work again; that has been clearly shown over the Gold Standard, for instance—"

"But a lot of people supported the return to gold who don't call themselves Tories," said I.

"There are a lot of Tories who don't call themselves Tories," retorted Mr. Baldwin. "And then there's the optimism. Hasn't Winston been optimistic about trade? Am I not an optimist myself? I said at Cardiff that the outlook was 'not unhopeful,' and I repeated the phrase in Edinburgh. To tell you the truth, I was rather pleased with it. If I had said it was 'hopeful,' it would have been merely silly. If I had said it was 'not hopeless,' I should have been expected to do something to help. But 'not unhopeful' is fatalistic without being pessimistic. In its negative cheerfulness it embodies the essence of Toryism, which Elliot so well conveys as a belief 'that external affairs are on balance friendly to mankind, that they are good, albeit good and irrational; in fact, that though they may slay us, yet will we trust in them.'"

"An easy creed for the rich man, the master, the employer," said I, "but not so easy for the poor man, the slave, or the employee. But that helps, I must admit, to establish your point, for Toryism has always attracted the well-to-do. And I agree, also, that Toryism stands for instinct and tradition as against reason and logic. That I have often observed myself. But it is rather surprising to see it proclaimed by a Tory, and I am not at all disposed to admit that it 'squares with the immense and growing mass of scientific observation all over the world.' I fancy that Major Elliot has been chasing a red herring. Because a disagreeable but persistent little creature called a liver-fluke is not persuaded by reason or logic to commit race-suicide, it by no means follows that man will not eventually make an end of the liver-fluke by the use of his superior reasoning powers. Still less does it follow that because life is irrational, reason and logic must be false guides for statesmen. He may jeer at mathematicians, but I should prescribe a little more economics and a little less biology for your brilliant follower. Neither instinct nor tradition will make for progress."

"In the liver-fluke philosophy, the word progress," remarked Mr. Baldwin, "may be applied uphill or down."

"Yes, or sideways, like Mr. Winkle's horse that you recalled the other day. I rather think that Tory progress is of that character. But let us return for a moment to Major Elliot. Weren't you rather surprised to find Mr. Ramsay MacDonald called a Whig because he supports the Geneva Protocol? You might just as well call Mr. Snowden a Tory because he opposes it!"

"Whereas they are both Gladstonian Liberals," said Mr. Baldwin. "Yes, I agree. That part of the argument seems confused, for Castlereagh is praised as a true Tory for making an alliance with France to fight Russia if she insisted on annexing Poland. But it would be absurd to expect logical reasoning in a tract against logic and reason. The fact remains that it is an entertaining and provocative pamphlet; you don't get that from a Tory every day; and its author is one of the ablest Tories outside the Cabinet."

"Then why didn't you make him Financial Secretary?"

"Well, the only hope of saving the Overseas Trade Department was to get Samuel out of it; and he's a hard-working man; so the best plan seemed to be to promote him. Besides," added Mr. Baldwin, confidentially, "one liver-fluke is very like another, and I will not be bullied by the TIMES."

PETER IBBETSON.

\* Philip Allan. 2s. 6d.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

WHEN a politician begins a speech by describing an opponent as a dear old friend, experienced readers know what to expect. The dear old friend is about to receive a shock. This is what happened a few days ago to Sir Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Lloyd George called Sir Austen his old friend and colleague, and proceeded to deal with him with the faithfulness of a friend. Before the speech was over Sir Austen's monocle had been displaced by a whole series of shocks—"a lath and plaster Jupiter," "a god always piling incense on his own altar," "a stork on one leg looking preternaturally wise." These were items in an excellent knockabout entertainment—with underlying sense and seriousness, of course. Sir Austen is certainly provoking, and that in a way which Mr. Lloyd George of all men is constitutionally unable to stand. Unlike Sir Austen (he tells us this without necessity himself), he is human. An attitude of superiority stirs him always to a refreshing vivacity of protest—there have been many amusing examples of this in his controversial career. Mr. Lloyd George is not angelically patient; when an opponent puts on airs his instinct is to deflate him, and he has the "punch" necessary for the operation. (What would happen if Mr. Lloyd George was a humble journalist and had to read the letters to the editor complaining of his opinions, one shudders to think.) Sir Austen is certainly irritatingly Olympian. He has sunned himself in the glory of his own achievement at Locarno so long that he is a little dazzled by it. He has not much imagination, but he ought to have had enough to know what was likely to happen to his famous dignity when he took to scolding Mr. Lloyd George with the "ponderous ferocity" of a school-master.

Journalists have been much amused by the attitude of sorrowful dignity assumed by the *TIMES* in complaining of the premature publication (in another paper) of the personnel of the Indian Commission. The *TIMES* asserts that it knew the names all along but refrained from publishing them, on the ground that it would be improper to forestall the announcement in the House of Commons. This attitude of severe rectitude, with its lofty rebuke of a more enterprising contemporary for "leakages," is impressive until one remembers that the *TIMES* has never allowed its dislike of leaks to prevent a good "scoop." Leaks are its tradition and its glory. The paper has made a practice so long as I can remember of the early disclosure of Commission reports. And what about the full summary of the Treaty on May 6th, 1919? As to the personnel of the Commission it happened that the *DAILY TELEGRAPH* has an enterprising correspondent in Calcutta. It is putting a strain on one's credulity to be told that any paper having an important bit of news in its possession would keep it dark for any such fantastic reason. The public may be impressed but the journalists merely smile.

The papers have missed the chance of some exciting detective work in exploring the mystery of the Abyssinian dam. Dr. Martin, who is now in England, has made a puzzling statement which seems to make nonsense of the definite reports from America. He protests that there is no contract and that nothing will be done without British consent. There is still much disquiet about this business. It is not irrelevant to keep in mind that we are dealing with a semi-barbarous State, in a state of resentment against the efforts of British humanitarians to force her by the pressure of world opinion to end the scandal of Abyssinian slave-owning and slave-raiding. She has already solemnly

promised the League (to which she was admitted on that undertaking) to liberate her two million or more slaves, and has done nothing. One promise is probably about as good as another—I refer, of course, to the Treaty of 1902—to a Government which is itching for a chance to display its independence and to twist the lion's tail. Abyssinia unquestionably sent an envoy to America to deal with an engineering firm for the construction of a dam across the Blue Nile, and this has alarmed vital agricultural and commercial interests in Egypt, the Sudan, and Lancashire. What is clear about this business is that the source of a river whose waters are essential to the prosperity of great civilized countries should not be left in the hands of a country like Abyssinia. Common sense points to some form of international control, of the kind already proposed by the Geneva Conference on Transit to meet such cases. There are good pre-League precedents in the Danube and Rhineland Conventions.

The notion of making room for tombs by building some sort of annexe to Westminster Abbey has been decisively stamped upon by public opinion. An annexe occluding part of the Abbey and filled with twentieth-century monstrosities of tombstone art is truly an appalling suggestion. There is no real problem about finding room for memorials in the Abbey. I was present myself when the ashes of the late Bonar Law were buried there under the floor—a method that takes up no room at all. The real problem is how to get rid of the collection of grotesque monuments that spoil the church. The Committee are horrified at the mere suggestion. Some of the eighteenth-century things are amusing as a record of taste, but what is there to be said for the repulsively bulky respectability of the Victorian objects? No great church that I know is cluttered up with such an uncanny collection of monumental absurdities as is Westminster Abbey. The mischief is that they positively prevent us seeing the church at all. They dwarf its noble height and distract one by their fussy inanity from appreciation of the splendid building. What a delight it is to eyes familiar with the stone undergrowth of our Abbey to go into a church like Notre Dame and see the columns rising bare from the root to the flowering arch. I therefore make the mild proposal to clear out all the tombs from the Abbey (except the best of the mediæval ones in the chapels) and if a "National Valhalla" is wanted let it be built at an innocuous and inaccessible distance as a concession to sentiment. If a memorial is wanted in the Abbey surely the burial of ashes and a name graven on the floor is sufficient.

Relying on an impression from a visit in war time, when the loveliest places were seen through a cloud, I permitted myself recently to make a disparaging remark about Bath. Last week coals of fire were heaped on my head, for I had the pleasure of spending a long day there. Here is my sincere recantation. Bath is beautiful—Sir Michael Sadler was right to place it high in his list. It is beautiful in a way that very few English towns have had the chance of being—as an ordered harmony, planned from the first, and completed in the spirit of an artistic age. It is in essentials the work of one architect, that John Wood whose greatness is only now coming to be fully recognized (I attended the celebrations of the bicentenary of his fortunate descent upon Bath). Wood had the opportunity of which modern architects and town-planners dream; he had a powerful patron and a free hand. Hence that succession of streets, circuses and crescents which make of Bath an enduring expression of the refinement in solidity of the eighteenth century. Wood had the luck too to work in

the Bath stone that takes on with age an exquisite golden tone—to my thinking, a far finer medium than the silvery Portland. The authorities of modern Bath more than those of any town I know show themselves zealous in preserving unspoiled by vulgar accretions the treasure they have inherited from the past. Wood and the other classical architects of Bath had the happiness of working in response to the desire for orderly beauty that was in the air of their time. The tradition was broken, and when later new cities arose in the North there was no moulding desire for beauty in the common mind. If it had been otherwise we should now be making pilgrimages to Manchester (for instance) for the pleasure of it.

\* \* \*

I came upon the following in "The Life and Letters of C. Moberly Bell," describing a trip up the Nile: "We get much amusement out of this steamer and its navigation. Everyone has a hand in its navigation except the Captain, who wears a uniform and swabs the decks. The sailors take turn and turn about to play with the wheel as if it were a teetotum—luckily it has no effect whatever on the ship—the Captain occasionally calls out, 'Half speed' or 'Turning stern,' but nobody takes any notice. . . . Our confidence has been sensibly increased since we found that no one obeys the Captain. We had at last to forbid him swabbing the decks, he did it so stupidly. He looks very unhappy at this, and I believe he gets up in the night and does it on the sly."—Read "Mr. Baldwin" for "the Captain," and you have quite a pretty political fable.

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Conservative papers, obviously inspired by party headquarters, have opened an attack on the League of Nations Union. The winter Disarmament Campaign is described as either being or in danger of becoming an anti-Government campaign. The Union, which includes members of all parties, is showing itself anxious to prove that it has no party attachments, which is, of course, the truth. If the impression were to prevail that the Union is out against the Government, it would probably be serious for the organization. It would lose such of its Conservative members as do not put the League before party. I look at the matter rather differently. I think the Union would gain and not lose in influence if it were to care less about maintaining a strictly non-party attitude. By that I do not, of course, mean that it should attach itself to any political party. But if the fear of offending party feelings means the crippling of striking force owing to the necessity of maintaining an ambiguous reserve, then it would be surely better to speak out and damn the consequences. The Union, like the League, has no party but the League itself. The League is everything: and this supposed necessity of offending none of our domestic parties can be with difficulty reconciled with the greater necessity of upholding the League and its interests against any party or Government that sins against the League by omission or commission. The policy that appeals to me is one that is free openly and vigorously to support any party in or out of power that is helping the League, and to criticize and, if necessary, denounce any party in or out of power that is hurting it. If in the broad, not the party, sense the League is a liberal inspiration, the remedy for Conservatives is not to abuse the L.N.U., but to show more enthusiasm for a liberalism which even Conservatives can share.

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"Liberals," says Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, "are simply robbing the Labour orchard of its ripe apples." Rare and refreshing fruit?

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### MR. SHAW REPLIES

SIR,—Your usually more intelligent paper having declared itself on the side of Signor Salvemini as against me in what it calls "this unfortunate controversy about Mussolini," let us be quite clear as to the point at issue. Are we to recognize the Government of Signor Mussolini as for the time being the constitutional Government of Italy, as Queen Victoria's Governments accepted that of Napoleon III. in France, or are we to treat him as Mr. Winston Churchill treated Lenin, and receive diplomatic communication from Italy with a shout, diplomatic and journalistic, of "Tyrant! Usurper! Abominable Ogre! Murderer of Matteotti! Slayer of Liberty! Do not dare to address England until you have signed your own death warrant and given Italy a British and *soi-disant* democratic Constitution."

I said that we must recognize, and that we should do it with common civility. I said so because the Liberal Press had allowed itself to be drawn into the policy of Invective and Ostracism by the Italian refugees of whom Signor Salvemini is the spokesman.

Signor Salvemini replied that I know nothing of Italian affairs, and am an empty-headed *nouveau riche* dazzled by the splendours of the Regina Palace Hotel in Stresa, and seduced by the songs of the Fascist sirens of Lago Maggiore. You applaud this reply as a complete knock-out.

That is how the controversy stands so far.

I need say nothing more to Signor Salvemini. As an exiled Italian he has every right to carry on his domestic fight with his opponents in the British Press or any other Press that is hospitably open to him. But I, not being an Italian, have to mind my own business as far as the domestic affairs of Italy are concerned. If Signor Salvemini can induce his countrymen to recall him and his friends, and exile Signor Mussolini, substituting the title of President or Prime Minister for that of Duce, I shall advocate the same civility towards this form of dictatorship as towards the present one. Meanwhile, however, the Government of Signor Mussolini, and not the grievances of our friends the refugees, is the Government of Italy; and the policy of spitting in its face, natural as it may seem to its down-and-out enemies, is not a possible policy for us. There are some questions, very notably that of the treatment of the part of the Tyrol we transferred to Italy by the Peace Treaties, as to which we have a right to urge the public opinion and example of the British Empire on the Italian Government. But how are we to do this if we refuse to be on speaking terms with its head?

And now a word of warning to my inveterate enemy the Liberal Party. During my whole lifetime, which includes the heyday of Gladstone, the Liberal Party has tried to conceal its agreement with the Conservative Party on every vital English question by denouncing some foreign tyranny. It has excited itself, and tried to excite the electorate, about the Eastern Question (including the Bulgarian Question, the Macedonian Question, and any other anti-Turkish Question), and finally about the Irish Question, which kept the Liberal Party going for thirty years until, when matters came to a head, it betrayed Ireland. It is idle to attempt to revive that game. If the Liberal Party tries to fight the next election on the Italian Question (*a morte il Duce!*) as against the Conservative Party trying to repeat its late success by fighting it on the Russian Question, so much the better for the Labour Party.

If it calls on the electorate to save Democracy it will have no better luck. Demos has been in the trenches for four years in a war to save Democracy. Having saved it, Demos has formed an estimate of its value which, however erroneous, will certainly prevent him (or her) from taking the trouble to cross the street on a wet night to save it again, by ballot or bullet, for many years to come. Democracy is for the moment a Wash Out; and Knight-Errantry in defence of victims of foreign tyrannies is in Gladstone's grave, and likely to stay there, castor oil or no castor oil.

Besides, we are afraid of Mussolini. I do not know why we should be; but we certainly are; and since Corfu he has

known it. That is the most dangerous point in the Anglo-Italian situation.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

November 7th, 1927.

[By all means let us be clear as to the point at issue. There is no responsible person in Great Britain who disputes the wisdom of recognizing "the Government of Signor Mussolini as for the time being the constitutional Government of Italy, as Queen Victoria's Governments accepted that of Napoleon III. in France," or who wishes to treat Mussolini "as Mr. Winston Churchill treated Lenin." The doctrine which Mr. Shaw proclaims, that we should maintain civil relations with all foreign Governments, no matter what we may think of their internal methods, is nowhere more firmly held nor more consistently applied than in the ranks of his "inveterate enemy," the Liberal Party.

Neither this doctrine nor the dictates of civility require us, however, to maintain that Mussolini's rule is an inestimable blessing to Italy or that his victims are tiresome, impossible people, whom the elementary requirements of Order made it necessary to suppress. These are the issues, as Mr. Shaw knows very well, upon which his Liberal critics have fallen foul of him. We share for our part the common surprise at Mr. Shaw's apparent blindness to the reality and value of those elementary civil liberties which are denied in Italy to-day.

Mr. Shaw is puzzled as to why we are "afraid of Mussolini." Let us attempt to enlighten him. There is the same reason to fear Mussolini to-day as there was in Queen Victoria's day to fear Napoleon III., and as there must always be to fear any dictatorship which seeks prestige by stimulating the appetite for national glory. We see in Mussolini, that is to say, an obstacle to the possibilities of a better international order, and a threat to the future peace of the world.—ED., NATION.]

## LIBERAL AND LABOUR GOVERNMENT

SIR,—Every Liberal candidate is indebted to you for raising now an issue which must be squarely faced before the General Election. If your final paragraph in the article on "P.R." means anything, it means that we should all fight and act as we did in 1923.

It cannot be too clearly or too early stated that such advice, if adopted, is to court disaster from two directions: (a) No candidate or Member of Parliament with the experience of 1923 will follow it, (b) the result of following the same course would be fatal at the polls.

If there is to be any such arrangement, let it be made honestly *before* the General Election and just as honestly put before the electors, so that they may know for what they are voting. One of the questions which will be put to us most insistently, and which we shall have to answer without any equivocation whatever, is whether, in certain eventualities, we propose joining the Socialists.

You say you write your final paragraph "in detachment" from "political considerations." With all respect, I can well believe it. But some of us remember the Parliament of 1923-24, and say, "Never again!" Do we not remember how we were treated? Night after night we "kept a House" for the Socialist Government because its own force was indolent, yet Mr. Ben Spoor, the Chief Whip, dependent upon us as he was, showed his real feelings publicly by saying the Liberals would be compelled to "walk the plank." True, the discourtesy with which Liberals were treated was not shown by Messrs. Snowden, Thomas, Clynes, and a few others, but the majority of the party followed the example set by the Prime Minister. In the country the same attitude was adopted, and the Socialist cry at the General Election became—"Vote Socialist or Tory, which you will, but, at all costs, keep the Liberal out."

The answer we are to give the electors must be carefully thought out. Your article quite rightly raises the issue in good time, but I am convinced that your advice, if I read it aright, is fatal to Liberalism at the polls. Short of a definite arrangement with Labour which can be stated publicly, my answer will be, "I hope for and anticipate a Liberal majority, but, failing this, no alliance with Socialists or Tories unapproved by the electors." Better far to work in

"opposition" and to support all measures for the good of the people as a whole, no matter from what quarter those measures emanate.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HARRIS.

The Glen, Crawley, Sussex.

November 7th, 1927.

## PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

SIR,—I fear it will be necessary for some of your readers to continue to "protest" against your attitude on this matter as long as you think it right: (1) to quote the French electoral system as an "object lesson" in P.R. when it is well known that it was the exact opposite to the system proposed for England—as proved by the fact that in France it was possible for 60 per cent. of the voters in a district with twelve representatives to capture *all* the seats, and (2) to oppose P.R. because "the most sensible question to ask the electorate is whether they incline to the Right or the Left," and because of "the traditional British system under which *the complexion of the House of Commons depended on the way the electors recorded their votes*"—quite ignoring the fact that in two out of our last three General Elections the House of Commons had a large majority of the Right after a considerable majority of the votes cast had been given to candidates of the Left.

You make no suggestion of a remedy for this anomaly except a vague hope for a return of the "Two-Party" system—under which also, by the bye, there were some disastrously false election results. Meanwhile?—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough.

November 5th, 1927.

[We quoted France as an example of the multiple-party system in contrast to the two-party system. How the electoral system which produced the present French Chamber should be described is a nice question, but it is not our point. Our point is that France, and many other countries (pre-Mussolini Italy, for example) show the grave defects of a multiple-party system. That P.R. must act powerfully in the direction of a multiplicity of parties is clear, we think, from the nature of the system.

As regards (2) the past tense of the words which Mr. Rowntree quotes from us shows that we were referring to the two-party system. But let us say that we are left cold by the common complaint that a Tory Government has a Parliamentary majority, although backed by only a minority of votes in the country. If the Liberal and Labour Parties regarded themselves as essentially akin, and were prepared to work together to sustain a coherent "Left" Government, the complaint might have some force, though the remedy would then be easy. But so long as they both repudiate any such suggestion with indignation, what right have they to complain that our present electoral system gives us a workable Parliament instead of an unworkable one? Is it, really, so very outrageous and intolerable that the largest body of people who are prepared to work together for the practical purposes of Government should be able to carry on the Government responsibly?—ED., NATION.]

SIR,—I am sorry for the line you are taking on P.R. You ask "Is P.R. democratic?" Does not the answer depend to some extent on the relationship of representative government to democracy? If the democracy is seriously misrepresented in the House of Commons, it may be said for all practical purposes not to exist. What is the position therefore in the present stage which has been reached by political England? Electioneering methods which were quite satisfactory under a two-party system have completely broken down under a three-party system.

The prime necessity for enabling a democracy to function is, I hold, that all the members composing the democratic state should have an opportunity of casting their vote for a representative in the House of Commons; and that it is always unwholesome, and in some cases suicidal, for an elector to vote *against* instead of *for* a person or a party. The only effectual way of excluding from the House persons

or opinions to which he is opposed is by putting in those that he favours. An uncontested constituency must be regarded as a sin against representative government, and therefore against democracy. The weakness of the Liberal Party in the last two General Elections, to go no further back, has been the number of constituencies which have had to go unfought. In those constituencies Liberal electors have had no opportunity of making their impression on the general mass of political opinion. One of the outstanding merits of P.R. to my mind is that it would at a blow wipe out all such conditions for the future, and in every area every citizen would be able to give voice to his convictions to whichever of the three parties he belonged.

I do not share your belief that there is any ultimate possibility of a return to the two-party system; and if, as you suggest, you are looking forward to a time when a party will arrive which combines the best of Liberal and Labour, and believe that the single-member constituency is the power to force this upon the Liberal and Labour Parties, I tremble to think what is to become of the Liberal Party in the meantime while waiting for that very problematical future. We must remember that it is the Liberal Party only that is being hammered on both sides.

You write in "detachment from immediate political considerations." That is really dangerous. It is obviously impossible for me to do that, realizing how immensely important to Liberalism will be the results of the next General Election—so important indeed that every elector ought to have the opportunity of expressing an opinion. Under the present system he cannot do it. Under P.R. he would be able, and whatever the after difficulties might be this seems to me the position of major importance at the moment.—Yours, &c.,

W. FINNEMORE.

Birmingham.

November 7th, 1927.

SIR,—Much of the argument that one reads for and against proportional representation seems to rest upon the belief that the electorate is a body not merely of political animals in the Aristotelian sense, but of individuals each of whom is keenly interested in current issues and anxious to express his or her opinion by vote. It is quite obvious that this is not so; not only are there many electors who have actually to be conveyed in motor cars from their houses to the polling places, there is a substantial proportion of the whole electorate which under existing conditions is stirred into action by the hullabaloo of an election and by nothing else. How large this proportion precisely is there are no means of calculating, but under present conditions it is able to make its weight felt in a way that is out of all relation to the intellectual contribution, so to speak, which it has to make towards the deciding of important questions.

Now it seems plain that proportional representation must involve the end of the "entertainment" element in general elections. "Landslides" will no longer be possible, and the result of coming elections will be more or less foreseeable, within limits. There will be much less stir and noise about election time; in fact to the vacant mind elections will be dull affairs. Under these circumstances the unintelligent section of the electorate will probably lapse into indifference. Perhaps it would be well if they did so.

It is when regard is had to the actual, rather than the theoretic aspects of our political life that one sees how profoundly proportional representation may affect the mentality of the electorate. Any argument, such as yours, for the retention of the present electoral system on a two-party basis seems to lay its emphasis upon the practical necessity of giving either one side or the other an effective majority in Parliament. That means the retention of the landslide as a possibility if not always an actuality; and that, in turn, means the retention of the sound and fury, or what may be called the Eatanswill element, in our elections. That element plays too big a part in the practical operation of British politics to be ignored altogether in a discussion of proportional representation, that is if, as seems indicated, proportional representation must involve its disappearance.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. ALEXANDER.

Banchory, Scotland.

## THE ALTERNATIVE VOTE

SIR,—You ask, "Is P.R. democratic?" The answer is in the negative. Democratic government stands for government by the majority, whilst minority representation is the god of the Proportional Representationists.

Happily, P.R. as an electoral reform (?) is not practical politics at the present time. It is unwieldy and unworkable, and would involve a revolutionary redistribution of seats. It cannot be gainsaid that P.R. in any shape is peculiarly puzzling to the voters, and intensely intricate for the scrutineers. It will multiply candidates to a point which is calculated to drive electors frantic when poring over their ballot papers and marking their preferences. Then why waste powder and shot on P.R.?

What we want before the next general election is a system by which every Member of Parliament will be elected by an absolute majority, and not merely by a relative one. Such a system can be obtained by adopting the alternative vote. No candidate ought to be declared elected as an M.P. who has not achieved an absolute majority of the votes polled at his election.

The method of the Alternative Vote serves the same purpose as the Second Ballot. It saves the candidates and the voters the expense and turmoil of a further election, and it secures the return of each representative by an absolute majority.—Yours, &c.,

The Shroggs, Steeton.

November 7th, 1927.

WILLIAM CLOUGH.

## "THE PORTENT OF 'BILL' THOMPSON"

SIR,—The antics of "Big Bill" Thompson provide such admirable and obvious copy that it is not surprising to find journalists content with the goods the gods provide them. It is not enough, however, to laugh or sneer. Your article "The Portent of 'Bill' Thompson" does go further, in its analysis, than most British comments, stopping short, unfortunately, just when it begins to describe the real portent of which "Bill" Thompson is an advertisement. The mayor's pre-election campaign and post-election performances are of no great moment to anyone outside Chicago. In America, as in other lands, things are not always what they seem, and the real interests behind the politics and politicians of Illinois, Cook County, and Chicago can only be guessed at. It may be hazarded, however, that those interests are less concerned with keeping King George out of Chicago than with having in office a mayor whose guardianship of Chicago's property and franchises will not be excessively zealous.

There is a sense in which "Big Bill" is a portent, and not merely a blind. It cannot be too much insisted on that a great and increasing body of American opinion is profoundly suspicious of Europe, of America's war-time associates, and, especially, of Great Britain. The Legion of Honour, the Rhodes Scholarships, the Sulgrave Institute, and the like are regarded as influences tending to sap the judgment, if not the patriotism of those subjected to them. The believers in a conspiracy to restore the United States to the British Crown may be neglected. Few Americans are fools, fewer still are lacking in national pride, and that pride forbids them to be afraid of King George. In one respect, however, they are very modest; they regard themselves and their public men as simpletons in international affairs. An American diplomat or editor or professor is sure to be "sold a gold brick" when he deals with his opposite numbers from Whitehall, Fleet Street, or Oxford. This is an old belief, strengthened for the average American by an example on a colossal scale. The average American, or at least large numbers of average Americans, believe that they and their rulers were trapped into entering the late war. A propagandist effort on a vast scale persuaded the professors, the journalists, the "moulders of public opinion," in the East at least, that the Allied cause was a crusade, that the Germans were devils incarnate resisted by Galahads, devoted to the saving of the world for democracy, public right, and private freedom. This view was only gradually adopted by the plain people, but, with the aid of the Germans, they were, ultimately, converted. A large and growing body of public opinion repents its conversion, resents having been deceived,

and regards the agents of its deception as untrustworthy guides. Holding these views, this section of the American people is prejudiced, irremediably, against the European and American propagandists who seek to win the ear of the United States on the questions of the League of Nations, the World Court, war debts, naval disarmament, &c. Once before America listened to such pleadings and such pleaders; the result was a tragedy for America and the world. This belief helped to ruin Wilson, to nullify the adherence to the World Court, to make the American delegates at Geneva uncompromising. Americans who hold these views are determined to prove Lincoln right—all the people was fooled once.

This belief is a permanent and increasingly important factor—British readers and writers should take note of it. Even during the war there were sceptics. When Admiral Benson told Admiral Sims not to let the British pull any wool over his eyes, he spoke for the heart of his countrymen. His words, not any of Wilson's, deserve their place in the great roll of American slogans that begins with Patrick Henry's.—Yours, &c.,

D. W. BROGAN.

Balliol College, Oxford.  
November 5th, 1927.

### WAR GUILT

SIR,—Since, as you say, "the German Government have decided to keep the war guilt question alive," it is useless to keep up the farce of pretending that it is dead, or the tragedy of endeavouring to bury it alive. The moral assassination of a people second to none in the arts and sciences of civilization, a recognized leader in every sphere of European culture, would be monstrous if it could be taken seriously, and is more likely to be disregarded on the ground that it is too ridiculous. There is not an individual among us who would take a libel of similar relative dimensions lying down, and why should it be expected of a nation?

The connection between the stigma of German sole-guilt and reparations is obvious. The "Hang-the-Kaiser," "Make the Germans pay," "Squeeze them till the pips squeak" election formed a connection so vital that it could not be ignored at Versailles, where a treaty was framed which admittedly, in the words of one of the framers, was intended to be "a continuation of the war." Thus it came about that a nation which had laid down its arms on the strength of Wilson's Fourteen Points was mulcted in damages so enormous that they could not be stated in figures, but were kept open so that her future resources, like her character, were put virtually in pawn till the end of time. The decree was plainly designed to make the punishment fit the crime; and as the criminal, without evidence taken or witness produced or defence allowed, had already been pronounced to be the only criminal in Europe, public opinion might be counted on to sustain the verdict.

Furthermore. Though the basis of the treaty has crumbled away during the years that have elapsed, and it is no longer possible to maintain the theory of German sole-guilt, the wronged criminal is expected to hold to the declaration made under protest, "I alone am responsible." Could any nation of barbarians—not to say a nation which contributed nobly to the Renaissance and the Reformation—be expected to abide by a declaration extorted by a spiritual torture not inferior to that by which the heretics of the Middle Ages were racked into self-condemnation to justify a punishment which had already been decided?

Among the hundreds of books published during the last nine years giving, *inter alia*, the lie to Article 231 of the Treaty, one need only peruse the calm, sane, and scholarly review of "Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy" by Dr. Gooch in order to accept his conclusion that the war was not brought about by any one sinner, but by "the international anarchy which they inherited and which they did little to abate."—Yours, &c.,

WALTER WALSH.

"Northam," Athenæum Road,  
Whetstone, N.20.  
November 7th, 1927.

### MORE "SAYINGS" OF JESUS

ABOUT ten years ago there was published in Paris the first part of a work bearing the rather formidable title—"Logia et Agrapha Domini Jesu apud Moslemicos Scriptores, asceticos præsertim, usitata."\* It was by the Professor of Arabic in Madrid University, Michaël Asin et Palacios, and was the largest collection up till then of passages (103 in all) from early Muhammadan writings purporting to quote words of Jesus Christ.

That there were such passages to be culled from such writings had been known for a considerable period. A few had been noticed by lovers of quaint lore as far back as 1644, and one at least had become quite familiar—the story of the dead dog, scorned by all beholders, to the whiteness of whose teeth Jesus called attention. A collection of seventy-seven passages was published serially by Professor D. S. Margoliouth, of Oxford, in the EXPOSITORY TIMES during 1893-4, and reproduced in part in Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," extra volume, pp. 350-352.

The passages in Asin's first volume were all drawn from a work called "The Revival of the Religious Sciences," by Al Ghazzali, a mystical writer of Islam, who lived in the eleventh century but drew upon much older sources; most of those cited by Margoliouth were included. He has now just published a second volume, which contains 180 passages from other Muhammadan books, very few of which have been previously noticed.† As in the earlier part, the passages are given in Arabic and Latin, with notes in the latter language on any points of interest, especially regarding the source or transmission of the story or saying.

Amongst these new passages are quite a number of legendary tales of the grotesque sort, Jesus raising a man from the dead, for example, who appears with red-hot shoes; when asked why he is thus shod, he replies that once he had passed by a wounded man and not helped him. The devil appears occasionally, in one instance carrying a honeycomb and a handful of ashes—to fit the traducer for his work, and to disfigure the bereaved so that they are hated. Some of these tales have parallels in the apocryphal gospels—the familiar story of Jesus as a boy instructing his teacher, for example; others are found in the "lives" of various saints.

Many of the other passages are evidently loose quotations from the Gospels or else show clear signs of dependence upon them. A few of these may be given here:—

"I am the beginning of life and the way of truth. He who has known me and afterwards dies, shall indeed not die but live."

"He shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven who has not been twice born."

"This is a token of the grace which a faithful man acquires before God, that he says to a mountain, Move, and it moves."

"A prophet does not lose the honour due to him except in his own country."

"O son of Adam, as you forgive so shall it be forgiven to you. Why then do you hope to be forgiven by God if you will not forgive your own slaves?"

Sometimes the dependence is less close, but it may be regarded as practically certain that we have paraphrases of Gospel texts, or imaginative elaborations sprung from meditation upon them:—

"What profits it the blind if he carries a lamp which lightens others? What profits it a dark house, if there is a lamp upon its roof? What profit is it to you if you speak with wisdom, but do not act with wisdom?"

"The world is the devil's field, and worldly people are his husbandmen."

"O companies of teachers! who thus sit down on

\* "Patrologia Orientalis," XIII., 3.

† "Patrologia Orientalis," XIX., 4.

the road to the future life; neither shall you yourselves, advancing along the road, reach that goal, nor will you allow others, passing you by, to make headway! But woe to that man who shall be ruined by you!"

Readers may like to link these up with Gospel passages themselves. It should perhaps just be made clear that all the sayings quoted here are either explicitly ascribed to Jesus or else referred generally to "the Gospel," various formulæ being employed, such as: "Jesus, Son of Mary, whom God preserve, said —," or "The Messiah said —," or "In the Gospel it is written —."

We come now to passages which show complete independence of the Gospels, and the question naturally arises whether it is conceivable that they preserve any authentic sayings of Jesus. It may be stated at once that the possibility is a remote one. The fertility of imagination amongst the early Muhammadan writers was extraordinary, and their writings contain innumerable traditions regarding their Prophet, a small percentage only of which can be deemed genuine. It is not surprising then that they allowed their imaginations to play around the figure of Jesus also, whom, of course, they regarded as one of the greatest of teachers. At the same time, the possibility cannot be altogether ruled out that some of the remote little communities of Christians in Arabia—from which a great influx into Islam took place—may here and there have retained a reminiscence of the teaching of Jesus handed down orally through many generations.

Professor Asin seems to speak too confidently on this point. "Without doubt the 'Logia' ascribed to Jesus by Muslim writers are connected with a settled Christian tradition among the Oriental churches, orthodox or heterodox, before the seventh century A.D. Now I do not say that this tradition is entirely free from error; indeed it has been corrupted by the traditionists; yet not intentionally, but rather from the accidents inseparable from all oral tradition. The simple choice of words, the ingenuous character of the narrative, full as it is of anachronisms, both as to time and place, point to the vehicle of transmission being not written but oral tradition handed on in the first place by the common people before it was recorded by theologians."‡ But if this is an extreme view, the truth probably lies somewhere between it and the opposite extreme of denying *in toto* the connection of this material with primitive tradition.

Amongst the best of the new sayings are these:—

"Regard sanctuaries as dwellings, and dwellings as inns. Eat wild herbs, drink pure water, and thus escape untainted from the things of this world."

"Do not repay an unjust man with injury, for so will perish the reward which you may have earned from your Lord."

"He who sows malice will reap repentance."

"Revere God in the secrecy of your heart as you revere him in public."

"O company of apostles, how many lamps the wind blows out, how many servants of God does vanity corrupt!"

"O son of Adam, remember me when you are angry and I too will remember you when I am angry. Be content also with my help, for my help is better for you than the help you give your own soul."

Where the tradition takes the form of conversation it is, of course, less likely that any genuine elements are included, but the following are certainly interesting and in the Christian spirit:—

"Meeting a man Jesus asked him what he was doing, and he answered, I am giving myself to the worship of God. Jesus said, But who ministers to you? He replied, My brother. And Jesus said, Then he is in truth more devoted to the worship of God than are you."

"Passing near a crowd of the children of Israel, who were lamenting, the Messiah asked them, What

makes you lament thus? They replied, Our sins. He said, Leave them and they will be remitted."

One other passage may be quoted, because of the way in which a "saying" is introduced:—

"From a book of 'Interpretations' (or 'Biographies') we learn that Jesus said, In friendly wise have intercourse with men, so that while you live they may ardently desire you but when you die they may bitterly mourn you."

Is it possible that the work quoted was Papias' "Expositions"? It is an attractive hypothesis—for in that case others of these *agrapha* might also have derived originally from there—but, of course, the evidence is too slight for it to be more than a guess.

Finally, it may be mentioned that if cautious scholarship forbids us to think that any actual words of Jesus have been preserved in these passages, they may still have a kind of spiritual authenticity. The ascetic circles of Christians out of which they seem to have come in part into Islam may not improbably have retained a general reminiscence of the Master's unworldliness. Current interpretations of Jesus unduly minimize the ascetic element in his teaching, and this ancient impression of him that has come to us via Islam may help to correct the balance. These "sayings," then, probably have some significance if no historical value, and are certainly well worth noting.

RODERIC DUNKERLEY.

## JINGOSHIRE

IN the present united state of our kingdom the clichés of county patriotism have become harmless shibboleths which in the words of the old theatrical advertisements give "pleasure to all and offence to none." This useful thought was excited by a remark of my landlord's, "You call it," he said, "silly Bucks"—a thing I should not have dreamt of doing—"but Buckinghamshire men will not be driven." "A Buckinghamshire man," he added, "will do anything for anybody, but he will not be forced to it. Even in the Army" (and this seemed to me a boast beyond all belief) "they could not be driven."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe with a finality that ended the conversation. I could have added flowers to the argument by saying that I knew some miserable men of Surrey who could be driven mercilessly, or Sussex men who would not do anything for anybody, or, by permutation, men of Rutland who, though obliging enough fellows, still could be driven to their tasks. I said none of these things. I did what any sensible person would have done in the circumstances, I accepted his statement.

Then came the thought, seductive enough in itself, that perhaps there is in this free air of the Chilterns something which induces an unusual sense of independence, wedded to an unusual neighbourliness. I remembered the names of the villages around us: Penn, Hampden—I thought of Chequers a mile or so away, with its great Cromwellian tradition, of that monument to fearless thought, Old Jordans, within walking distance. In an hour or so I could be trespassing on the lawns of Runnymede. Could there be some peculiar sense of liberty lingering in these parts and finding its expression in my landlord's boast which, being interpreted, seemed to mean that he was ready enough to serve his beer if asked for it in the ordinary way, but that nothing could exceed the doggedness of his refusal if told to jolly well go and fetch it?

The brief fancy disappeared, but what was the use of telling him, this native of the slopes, that the men of Bucks are driven as much and as little as the men of other counties, driven to prison for their crimes, to their purses for their taxes, to their labour for a living? The simple

‡ See "The Traditions of Islam," by A. Guillaume, p. 147.

faith that his county had this special quality comforted him. It was something, he told me, that he had always said and something he always would say—and when men like my landlord say they “always say” something you may be sure that they regard it as a good thing, controversial yet incontrovertible, soothing to the vanity as a piece of original thinking, impressive to themselves each time they repeat it, as they expect it to be to their hearers. The more simple statements of belief are never prefaced in this manner. One never hears, for instance: “I believe in God, that’s what I always say.”

But this harmless pride of county is not confined to roadside inns. It flourishes principally at the dinners of County Associations where the most ludicrous claims to special virtues and characteristics are made by the speakers, which by inference make all their neighbours vile. When my friend T. M. P. fulfils his ambition of founding the Society of Middlesex men in London I have no doubt that we shall be invited to the belief that the boundary line between Acton and Hammersmith marks a declension in patriotism, in sturdiness of opinion, in common honesty, in hospitality, and even in physical courage. Then will the rafters ring with the songs of Middlesex—and in the morning there will be nothing left to it but a subscription to a local hospital and a few aching heads.

For the truth is it is as empty a business as a child’s defence of Tom Tiddler’s Ground. Have I not heard, it may be asked, of County Regiments, of County Cricket Clubs. Where would these be without county patriots? Is there not such a thing as a County Council in which their workaday enthusiasm should be enshrined? That is just the point. Granted the Regiment and the Cricket Club, do these boosters at their gatherings ever offer praise for their steam-rollers, their manure carts, their building schemes? Not a bit of it. They claim a whole collection of commonplace virtues possessed by any decent living Eskimo and parade them as exceptional to themselves.

Once during the war I was attached to a Border regiment, and at our annual dinner a very old General, bowed down by his decorations, would rise to propose the health of the Regiment. We heard little of his speech, but in his peroration he would bring his frail fist clattering down among the dessert plates and scream, “What I always say is, gentlemen, once a Borderer always a Borderer.” Fifty per cent. of us, I imagine, had never seen the Border in question, another 25 per cent. were assimilated Cockneys, and none of us, I am sure, quite knew what he meant, but we used to rise to a man and cheer the old chap to the echo—bidding defiance to the hordes which might threaten us on both sides.

There is no end to this kind of vapouring, and the best that can be said about it is that it does nobody any harm. Among nations it is happily falling rapidly into disuse, amongst counties it is as strong as ever. It is not dignified by the energies of real rivalry, rivalries such as those between fire brigades or bands or football teams. This is another subject, though one cannot forbear to contemplate the picture of two Welsh choirs disputing their respective merits after an Eisteddfod. I am told that on one occasion the argument was settled in these terms: “I grant you, men of Pontypridd, that you were superior in ‘Come all ye with Torches!’—but we men from Llanelly knocked hell out of you in ‘Glory to God in the Highest.’” Here at least is a subject worthy of argument, a claim worth sustaining—and if any County jingoes made use of as good a one no one could have any objection. If a Glamorgan-shire man were to say, “We sing better in Glamorgan than you do in Essex,” no one could gainsay him, but to sing of “Cardiff the home of the free,” is just about as sensible as singing of “Saffron Walden the home of the serf.”

But it really does not matter. I like to think of my landlord stoutly maintaining the liberties of the Chilterns. Economists would say that he would be better employed studying how his rates were spent; that Devonshire men, instead of singing quite so much about the rich red loam from the plough, should be saving their shillings to buy motor tractors. But it is a hard world that has no *wisdoms*, and perhaps it is of no great consequence that those we have should be built on baseless fabrics.

J. B. S. B.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

IT is supposed to be a sign of “spirit” in highminded theatre managers to produce the worst plays by the greatest writers, a delusion which has induced the Century Theatre to put on Ibsen’s “Lady Inger of Ostrat.” If we were saturated with performances of Ibsen’s plays such a performance of this might have some slight interest as a novelty; but considering that we hardly ever have an opportunity of seeing them, such performances as “Lady Inger” appear a mere misdirection of energy. It would be foolish to revive the “Comedy of Errors” if Shakespeare was, theatrically speaking, an almost unknown author. “Lady Inger” is a distressing example of Ibsen’s earliest manner, when he was presumably dominated by Victor Hugo. Apparently (and this is most surprising), in his early days he lacked even that “sense of the stage” of which he was, later, to show a mastery unequalled in the history of the drama. The play may indeed possess, in the original, some measure of literary beauty, but, if so, this was completely buried under the Wardour Street farrago of Archer’s translation. I could never have thought an Ibsen play could be so boring. Let us hope that the Lena Ashwell Players will quickly return to the cycle of real Ibsen plays.

Mr. John van Druten is by way of being the theatre’s latest infant prodigy, and as such he is open to criticism from a different standpoint from most of his fellow dramatists. One’s natural desire to encourage a new and promising author is, however, rather mitigated by the fact that although “Chance Acquaintance” (Criterion Theatre) is his first play to be publicly performed in London, he arrives with a ready-made reputation derived from the ban which the Lord Chamberlain has seen fit to place on his previous play “Young Woodley” and from that play’s enormous success in America. Were this otherwise one would forgive much of the immaturity of “Chance Acquaintance,” and hold out high hopes for its author’s career, but as it is one feels that one is not dealing with a novice, and must apply a sterner standard of judgment. This “comedy of youth” has a good story, but the story is not well told. There are expanses of dialogue which lead nowhere and which contain squibs that do not go off. There is no building up, no continuity of action. The characters come to life now and then, but are soon drowned in a sea of farcical circumlocution. The theme of the play provides opportunity for a study of modern manners, but the treatment produces only bad manners. However, all this was true of Mr. Noel Coward’s early work, so Mr. van Druten has every incentive to persevere. The production lays too much stress on the farcical note, and although this results in some amusing performances from such skilled farceurs as Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, Miss May Agate, and Miss Una O’Connor (whose faint in Act III. is positively memorable), the theme, as expounded by its chance acquaintances, its “fanatics,” is given too little prominence, the more so as these parts alone are played in the vein of comedy.

Having been disappointed with one new dramatist, it is all the more pleasant to be able to extol another. Miss Audrey Lucas, with presumably not more literary experience than Mr. van Druten, displays in “The Peaceful Thief,” produced last Sunday at the Arts Theatre Club, a mastery of the art of writing comedy which is almost un-

canny. The play has its faults, but unlike those of "Chance Acquaintance," they are not basic faults. Some of the exits and entrances are inadequately accounted for, a character whose presence is an essential part of the situation of the moment is kept hidden behind a curtain for so long that one is allowed to forget that he is there, a purely utilitarian scene with a policeman is tautologous and unnecessarily prolonged—all these are trivial matters which could easily be put right, and no doubt will be if the play is put on for a run, as it richly deserves. The characters live, they talk as people do talk, and their relationships to one another are the relationships of human beings. One feels that no story could have been told about them but the one Miss Lucas has told, that they are doing and saying things which they must inevitably have done and said. The witty lines, of which there are plenty, are always indigenous to the situation, and are always phrased as their speaker would have phrased them. Excellent performances were given by, among others, Miss Molly Kerr, who also produced, Mr. James Whale, Miss Milly Sim, and, above all, by the ubiquitous Mr. Clarke-Smith, whose part was an almost embarrassingly recognizable caricature of a leading dramatic critic.

It is as absurd as it is unfair to come to the discussion of musical comedy with a professed antipathy to the form. Despite its incongruities, its often tedious repetitions, its well-worn conventions, it does survive and does flourish however much some of us may wish it dead. Therefore it must be judged patiently by its own standards. Is it laughable, is its music tuneful, has it a sufficient thread of interest in its story to hold the attention for two hours? "The Girl from Cooks" at the Gaiety (the English version of which is made by R. H. Burnside and Greatrex Newman) can be said to fulfil these requisites. It is not outstanding in merit either in its book or in its music, but it is good passable entertainment which should appeal to our *jeunesse dorée* after their evening meal. It is supported by four first-rate comedians, Mr. W. H. Berry, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Mr. Billy Leonard, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn. This prodigality of talent seems at times wasted, and is not balanced by any equal authority on the feminine side. Miss Eva Sternroyd sings prettily, but she has not yet got the range of a large theatre. The music is little more than competent for its purpose, but we have learnt that in this type of entertainment one or two good tunes are all that are demanded by the audience—and "The Girl from Cooks" may be granted these. Another possible engagement for the young during their Christmas holidays.

Mr. Roger Fry has been delivering at the Mortimer Hall three lectures on Cézanne, in the course of which almost the complete work of the master appeared before the on-looker on the slides. Mr. Fry, who has filled the whole of the Queen's Hall, an almost unique feat for a non-political lecturer, again displayed an amazing virtuosity. As a prelude to the subject itself, we were treated to a fascinating description of painting as Cézanne found it on coming to Paris in 1863, and to a most stimulating analysis of the romantic movement as a whole. Mr. Fry's view of the achievement of Cézanne is known to all interested in modern aesthetics. In these lectures, he seemed convincingly to prove his point. One would have thought that Mr. Fry's combined qualities as critic and historian must be well-nigh unique: it is therefore all the more gratifying to know that England is rich enough in art-scholarship to permit Oxford University safely to dispense with his services as Slade Professor.

The second exhibition of the London Artists' Association has opened at the Leicester Galleries and presents, as a whole, a very good appearance. A number of new members have been elected to the original group—Mr. Edward Wolfe, Mr. Paul Nash, Mr. William Roberts, Mr. Douglas Davidson, and Mr. Sydney Sheppard. Mr. Duncan Grant shows nine pictures: his landscape "Priest's House" is extremely beautiful, his flower-pieces are charming, his "Italian Girl" is a fine study, and his "Mother and Child," unquestionably far ahead of any of the other pictures here, is a noble work, full of dignity and feeling,

admirably planned and exquisite in colour. Mr. F. J. Porter is well represented by his "Nude" and by two or three good landscapes; Mr. Frank Dobson by two new pieces of sculpture, a torso in bronze, and a figure in terracotta; Mr. Keith Haynes's style has matured and his painting has very much improved by the addition of a certain sureness of touch to his sensitiveness to colour and balance. Mrs. Vanessa Bell shows a good portrait, "Woman with Scarf," a landscape, some flower-pieces and still lifes, among which "Apples and a Glass of Wine" is especially successful. Among the new members Mr. William Roberts is a good designer and, in his own manner, a good draughtsman, but his pictures are sadly lacking in variety. Mr. Douglas Davidson is a painter of wider interests who grapples with any problem that presents itself, and his paintings show great promise.

"The Way of All Flesh" (it has nothing to do with Samuel Butler), which is now showing at the Plaza Theatre, is the first film in which the German screen actor Emil Jannings has appeared since signing a contract to act in America. Herr Jannings is probably the best emotional film actor of the present day, and in this story his American producer has evidently been determined to exploit his powers to the utmost in every direction: the result is a bad story, replete with all the old film dodges for bringing lumps to throats and hot tears to eyes, but in spite of it Herr Jannings manages to retain his dignity and to be at times extremely moving. The scenes of family life at the beginning of the film, where the German-American bank clerk is shown in domestic bliss with his wife and six small children, are very charmingly handled; but the bank clerk is sent off to Chicago on a confidential mission with a pocket-book full of valuable bonds, and trouble begins. There is the inevitable siren who leads him astray, makes him cut off his beard, and lands him among crooks. He is robbed of his bonds by the siren and attacked by one of the gang; his assailant is killed by a passing train. The body is identified as the bank clerk's, but the latter dare not go back home on account of his disgrace, and begins a life of vagrancy. He attends a concert at which his son, now a violinist, plays a song taught him by his father, and finally, as a very old man, returns to peep through the window of his old home one snowy Christmas night.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 12th.—

Orchestral Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.

Sunday, November 13th.—

Mr. T. Edmund Harvey on "Worship," Friends' House, 6.30.

Repertory Players in "The Dark Room," by Mr. Robertson Hare and Mr. Sydney Lynn, at the Strand.

Monday, November 14th.—

Else D'Heureuse, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.15.

"The Big Drum," at the Adelphi.

"The Dark River," at the "Q."

Tuesday, November 15th.—

"The Squall," by Miss Jean Bart, at the Globe.

"The Way of the World," at Wyndhams.

Wilhelm Backhaus, Pianoforte Recital, Aeolian Hall, 8.15.

Mr. Tarini Sinha on "Some Aspects of the Social Problems in India To-day," King's College, Campden Hill, 6.

Wednesday, November 16th.—

Mr. Sidney Webb on "Why Democracy to be Real must be Multiform," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

"Mr. Prohack," by Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Edward Knoblock, Court Theatre.

Mischa Elman, Violin Recital, Queen's Hall, 8.

Suggia, Recital of Old Music, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Mr. G. K. Adams on "The Pictures in the National Portrait Gallery," Fulham Central Library, 8.

Thursday, November 17th.—

Viscountess Rhondda, Miss Ada Moore, Miss Winifred Holtby, and Miss Eleanor Japp, Six Point Group, General Meeting, 5.30.

Friday, November 18th.—

Brabazon-Lowther, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 9.  
 "Sir Thomas More," by Mrs. Ruth Bray, Rudolf Steiner Hall.

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WHERE the heather rustles  
 And the gorse is blazing,  
 Runs a tumbling river  
 Through the valleys chasing.  
 Leaping granite boulders,  
 Grey in peaty water,  
 Flinging spray-gay rainbows  
 As the sunshine caught her.  
 There are pools where salmon  
 And brown trout are hiding;  
 There are silver rapids  
 At a dull world chiding;  
 There are sleepy ripples  
 Past the moss banks gliding. . . .

Rushing from the moorland  
 Then to deep green meadows,  
 Where the old gnarl'd oak trees  
 Cast their sombre shadows.  
 There are tiny beaches  
 Which the pebbles litter;  
 There are still calm reaches  
 Where the swallows flitter;  
 There are sun-kissed shallows  
 Where the minnows glitter. . . .  
 Down to where they're waiting,  
 Waves that stand and quiver  
 Boom and crash to meet her,  
 Runs that happy river.

A. R. U.

## THEATRES.—continued from opposite column.

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## THE GREVILLE SCANDAL

WHEN Charles Greville in June, 1818, began to keep a diary or "Journal," as he preferred to call it, because "having frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of celebrated men, some particulars about them might be interesting hereafter," he could have had no idea of the many volumes he was destined to fill and of the many scandals those volumes would give rise to. When he made his last entry in November, 1860, he knew what lay behind him and he must have had a pretty clear notion of what, after his death, lay before him. Luckily for him his worst forebodings would never have led him to imagine that he would be edited by Mr. Philip Whitwell Wilson. No man who lives in the innermost circle of the Court, politics, and "high society," can with impunity keep so detailed and truthful a diary as Greville did, unless he carries it with him into oblivion. Greville apparently never entertained any such idea; he intended that his diary should be published. And published it was by his friend and literary executor, Henry Reeve, in eight volumes, in the years 1874, 1885, and 1887, to the scandal of Queen Victoria and many other worthy people.

\* \* \*

But Reeve did not publish a complete Greville. "Delicacy and caution," he wrote, "which ought to be observed in recording the language and the actions of eminent persons, some of whom are still alive, appear to me to prescribe the omission, at the present time, of some passages that may more fitly be published hereafter." But the omitted passages have never hitherto been published. The original MS. was deposited in the British Museum, and there Authority has sat upon it, apparently because of the displeasure which the eight published volumes caused in high places. The book which has caused so much controversy during the last two weeks, "The Greville Diary," edited by Philip Whitwell Wilson, two volumes (Heinemann, 36s.), purports to publish for the first time the passages which were withheld from publication. The publisher, who is responsible for the publication in this country, in a statement issued to the Press this week, remarks: "We regard this as an historical document and of considerable public interest." No one could possibly have guessed that fact from the way in which the book has been edited. I know of no document of historical importance and public interest that has been so badly edited. There is not a word said about the origin or authenticity of the material, whether Mr. Wilson has got it from the British Museum document or from another MS. The publisher has since made a public statement that Mr. Wilson worked upon a copy of the original MS., but there is not a word on the subject in the book itself. According to Mr. Wilson, the passages withheld from publication in the original edition fill four hundred pages of typescript, the number of words exceeding one hundred thousand. He gives no indication whether he has included all the suppressed material, and as he jumbles up the old and new material in inextricable confusion and gives no information as to which is which, it would be impossible to disentangle it without weeks of study.

Mr. Wilson's method of editing this "document of historical importance" is as follows. He has taken Greville's Journal, presumably in its complete form, and snipped it into snippets. He has then taken all the snippets about Queen Victoria, or Lord George Bentinck, or the Duke of Wellington, or horse-racing, and written up each collection into a chapter. The writing up consists of a few remarks of Mr. Wilson, followed by a snippet, followed by a few remarks of Mr. Wilson, followed by a snippet, and so on *ad infinitum* and *nauseam*. Examples of Mr. Wilson's fatuous facetiousness and incredible muddles have been quoted in other papers, and I do not propose to waste space on them. It may, however, interest readers to be given an example of the senseless way in which the text of what Greville wrote has been cut about by Mr. Wilson. This is a paragraph in Mr. Wilson:—

"Greville, moreover, considered that the rules of log-rolling had been neglected. Writes he on June 20th, 1835, 'After the very essential services I rendered Peel and his Government by obtaining for them the support of the TIMES and concluding the arrangement which was made between these high contracting parties . . . I might certainly . . . go with some confidence to Peel or any of them and ask for their aid in my difficulty.'"

A reference to the original edition shows that the entry was on June 30th, not June 20th. The words from "by obtaining" to "parties" were omitted by Reeve from the original edition. In inserting them Mr. Wilson, for no possible reason that I can see, has turned the sentence round and inserted meaningless dots in two places. The sentence, as written by Greville, began "I might certainly, after the very essential services. . . ."

\* \* \*

If a document is really of historical importance, it should be edited in such a way that historians and students can use it. Greville's diary, as originally published, and probably the suppressed passages, are of immense interest to the historian. But unless the publisher had made his statement, no one could have guessed that this fact was known to anyone connected with the production of Mr. Wilson's two volumes. They have all the appearance of an attempt to dish up Greville in a way which will make him palatable to the ordinary reader. Personally I do not see why this should not be done. There is a good deal of snobbery in the attitude of many people who regard old books as sacred. I am very glad that Shakespeare took Holinshed's "Chronicles" and rewrote part of them in the form of "Cymbeline," and if anyone can take "Cymbeline" and rewrite it in the form of a better play or novel, I shall be only too delighted. So too I would not complain if Mr. Wilson had rewritten Greville and made his book as good as or better than the original. What I do complain of is that he should have destroyed its value as an historical document, and so snipped and muddled and comic-cut it as to make one of the most readable of books almost unreadable by anyone. One is soon reduced to turning up names in the index in the hope of finding some new piece of scandal about Queen Victoria or Prince Albert, or some other of the great ones, and then one discovers that even the index is hopeless.

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## MARVELL

**The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell.** Edited by H. M. MARGOLIOUTH. 2 Vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 31s. 6d.)

IN the long list of English poets there are, of course, many greater names than Andrew Marvell, though more than one or two small pieces of his work are certainly great poetry. But very few, if any, in that list can show odder combinations of life and of literature. A sequestered scholar and poet in his youth, he was a busy Parliament man in his age: one of the most delicate and dignified of writers in the verses of his earlier life his name stands in his later for some of the rudest, roughest, and occasionally most scurrilous and foulest satire admitted to decent book-cases. It is true that the authenticity of most, if not actually all, of this latter stuff is anything but certain: even of the famous "Last Instructions to a Painter" the authorship is by no means proven. It is, however, at the worst not unlikely; and at the best fairly probable that he wrote this and others, though not all, of those at one time or other attributed to him. And perhaps it is not too rash to see, in his greatest thing as a whole, evidence of a curious doubleness in his possibilities. There must have been something very odd in the man who not merely inserted in a panegyric of Cromwell the again famous and hardly improvable verses on the execution of King Charles—verses which might have served for an anthem, while the "Martyrdom" was still officially celebrated—but calmly suggested, just before them, that his hero had deliberately trepanned the King into his fate. It can hardly be regarded as more unlikely that the same man who so delicately celebrated Celia (whether Celia was Mary Fairfax or not) should have, not so many years after, flung filth (the worst of it almost certainly undeserved) at Anne Hyde. Nor can anyone who is not quite a novice or quite a dunce in criticism deny that the early satires on Flecknoe and Tom May might easily grow into those on Clarendon and Charles the Second's courtiers. Hardly anybody after 1660 and before 1700, except Dryden, could write really good satire: it might almost be said that nobody at all except Dryden could write satire without bad manners and worse language.

It must however, of course, be acknowledged that these satires—the tone of which is also rather similar to that of Marvell's *private* letters—give valuable if anything but achromatic sidelights on history, while almost all the remaining contents of the two volumes either do that or are interesting in themselves. The letters to the Hull Trinity House (he speaks of "other Trinity Houses"; how many were there besides the main one at Deptford?) are extremely business-like: and the much larger body of Parliamentary Reports to the Mayor and Corporation of that good town, signed for the most part "yours most affectionately," are more curious still. Marvell certainly earned the six and eightpence a day, or whatever it was that he, perhaps not quite (though it used to be said that he was) the last of paid members of Parliament, received for his "affectionate" services.

But all this part of his work is, after all, rather useful as means and material for something else; the early poetry is good in itself. The "Horatian Ode" stands alone in substance as in form, and perhaps the equally or almost equally famous "Bermudas" is not quite like anything else. All over the collection we meet with examples of what may be called the Caroline conundrum. *How* did they get this marvellous arrangement of jets of pure poetry about anything and everything? Was it metre, language, picture, word-music, what? How had they at once quaintness and seriousness, pathos, and passion, at their service—not always but at some times almost incomparably? This mixed quality which the period possessed—which its very characteristics almost necessitate—is indeed quite obvious in Marvell. Donne himself has hardly beaten:—

"My love is of a birth as rare  
As 'tis for object strange and high—  
It was begotten of Despair  
Upon impossibility."

Poor Flecknoe himself (who by the way could write, to show the general state of things, far from bad verse on occasion) could not do much worse than the third stanza of this same poem:—

"And yet I quickly might arrive  
Where my extended soul is fixt,  
But Fate does iron wedges drive  
And always crowds itself betwixt."

You must, of course, jump these low places and stick to the higher ones, of which there are plenty of very different kinds—from splendid things like the overture just quoted to piquant quaintnesses like the conversations between Clorinda and Damon, Thyrsis and Dorinda, Ametas and Thestylis; to the quiet beauty of "The Garden" and the really exquisite prettiness of "The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers."

Professor Margoliouth has taken immense pains with the text, bringing to the aid of the usually mutilated folio and the most untrustworthy muddle of the "State Poems" a small crowd of MSS.; and has commented soundly and well though, as he justly says, to comment fully on Marvell's poems and letters would be to give a universal history of their time. There is, however, no attempt, even on the smallest scale, at any kind of biographical and critical introduction. Perhaps, indeed—it is almost if not quite admitted—this is due to the forthcoming "Life" which a French scholar, M. Pierre (not Emile) Legouis, has in hand. That will be very welcome and will, one hopes, be a valuable addition to the interesting group of such studies which have recently come from France. But even if it were already available, it seems a pity that something of the usual kind should not be included in this excellent edition. Some readers, of course, do not require it; but probably the majority will do so, and as may be gathered from some things said already, Marvell is rather more in need of such a thing than most poets to those who are to do him justice without previous knowledge.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## HAKLUYT

**Hakluyt's Voyages.** With an Introduction by JOHN MASEFIELD. 8 vols. (Dent. £3.)

THE best edition of Hakluyt is that published by Messrs. MacLehose, about twenty years ago, and now out of print. The present edition (which makes due acknowledgment to it) is incomplete. But it includes most of the "Principal Navigations," also Hakluyt's various prefaces. Mr. Masefield supplies an interesting introduction, chiefly about the Elizabethan ships, Mr. Derrick is responsible for the illustrations, which are partly documentary, partly of the nature of embellishments. The edition will occupy eight volumes. Of the six already issued, the first two deal mainly with the Russian voyages, the third and fourth mainly with the East, the fifth and sixth mainly with the New World. The scholar will doubtless have to go back to the MacLehose, but the rest of us may remain content with what we find here. Let us hope that the index promised in the final volume will be adequate.

"Hakluyt" is a delightful book to possess, though not an easy one to review or indeed to read. One picks it up—it rather than its compiler—opens it here and there, is charmed, elevated, bored, deterred, titillated, and left with a resultant impression which no particular quotation seems to bear out. Issued in its final form in 1599, it had a little in common with another compilation published twelve years later—the Authorized Version of the Bible. Various things are inside it—stories, scraps of poetry and folklore, genealogies, catalogues of distances products and chieftains, imbecile versifyings, heroism, commonplaces of piety. But something surrounds it. It has the grand manner which was then within the reach of ordinary pens and—what is also important—within the reach of ordinary scissors and paste. In retrospect, its quaintness is minimized, its scrappiness disappears, and it becomes monumental. "A great possession," "a national epic"? Considering how few people read the thing such praise sounds like cant. Yet thanks to the accident of its age, it has a position possessed by nothing else in our literature, and a very majestic position.

Richard Hakluyt was of a good Herefordshire family, passionately patriotic, industrious, intelligent, and gifted with a taste for research. When at school at Westminster he visited a cousin in the Middle Temple who showed him

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"certeine books of Cosmographie, with an universall Mappe," and then directed him to the 107th Psalm. There he read: "They which go downe to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord and his woonders in the deepe." From that moment the direction of his life was determined, and he moved towards the making of the collection that bears his name. Geography and Theology had kissed. Kiss they may, provided neither of them puts forth her full force, provided Geography does not become scientific, Theology doctrinal. And they did not with Hakluyt. Although he lectured "with the new lately reformed globes" at Oxford, he did not see the world as a globe, he saw it as a stage for adventure, and in the centre of the stage stood England. And although he became rector of Wetheringsett, archdeacon, rector of Gedney, what really attracted him in Protestantism was not its truth, but its successes, particularly on the high seas. The Armada occurred when he was thirty-six, the loss of the "Revenge"—more glorious than any success—three years later. All the time he was reading about the voyages of the past in Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, voyages were being made around him in the present, to the greater glory of Elizabeth; and there were mariners to interview, newly landed and sometimes drunk, and letters from distant friends, and consular reports through the Government. They all hung together—the seas, God, England, the Queen—they filled his mind with a single emotion as they filled many of his contributors, and if we quote a sentence from his own preface we shall at once get as near as any quotation can bring us to the spirit of the work as a whole:—

"Which of the kings of this land before her Majesty, has their banners ever seene in the Caspian sea? Which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia, as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? Who ever saw before this regiment, an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signor at Constantinople? Who ever found English Consuls and Agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and which is more, who ever heard of Englishman at Goa before now? What English shippes did heertofore ever anker in the mighty river of Plate? Passe and repasse the unpassable (in former opinion) straight of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania, further than any Christian ever passed, travers the mighty bredth of the South Sea, land upon the Lazones in despiht of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and trafficke with the princes of the Moluccaes and the Isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the Isle of Sante Helena, and last of al returne home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this now flourishing monarchy have done?"

Here is the grand manner, and it is a grandeur of scissors as well as of pen, it is the power to snip out and slap together. "Which is more, whoever heard of Englishman at Goa before now." Are these words literature? Is the whole sentence literature? Probably not. So many of the best things in books are not—like most of the best things in private letters.

To describe the miscellany further in a short and unlearned review is impossible: it is too miscellaneous, one cannot generalize, only quote. Perhaps the best one can do is to give five bare extracts from it, and so marshal a few of the topics and the methods adopted in approaching them.

Thomas Randolph goes as secretary to an Embassy to Russia and delivers himself of long doggerels addressed to Edward Dancie and Spencer, his friends. This sort of thing goes on and on and on:—

"Almost the meanest man in all the country rides  
The woman eke, against our use, her trotting horse bestrides  
In sundry colours they both man and woman go  
In buskins all, that money have on buskins to bestoe".

—going on to the information that "where the bedding is not good the boalsters are but bad." Mr. Randolph is no poet, but our next quotation will take us for a sentence, though not for more than a sentence, into the heart of the "Ancient Mariner": it is a translation, probably by Hakluyt himself, from the Latin of Clement Adams: Chancellor's voyage to the North-East in 1553 is the theme:—

"He held on his course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so farre, that he came at last to the place where hee found no night at all, but a continuall light and brightness of the Sunne shining upon the huge and mighty Sea."

This is marvellous, but the marvel does not continue. Let us

turn from magic before it fades, and take a little quaint ethnology instead: Pereira and other Portuguese on China, translated from the Italian by Richard Willes:—

"They have also idols well proportioned but bare headed. These beare name Omithofon, accompted of them spirits, but such as in heaven do neither good nor evill, thought to be such men and women as have chastely lived in this world in abstinence from flesh and fish, fed onely with rise and salates. Of that divil they make some account: for these spirits they care little or nothing at all."

Now for Job Hortop; he computes his imprisonments, and because it is only a catalogue he brings their horror home to us:—

"I suffered imprisonment in Mexico two yeeres.  
In the Contratation house in Sivill one yeere.  
In the Inquisition house in Triana one yeere.  
I was in the Gallies twelve yeeres.  
In the everlasting remediles with the coat with S. Andrews  
crosse on my back 4 yeeres.  
And at Libertie I served as a drudge Hernando de Soria 3  
years, which is the full complement of 23 yeeres."

This Job Hortop was a powder-maker, born at Bourne, Lincolnshire; caught by the press-gang, shipped from Plymouth under Sir John Hawkins in the autumn of 1567; the whole of his narrative is impressive. Finer still—finest of all, perhaps, if we except Raleigh on the "Revenge"—is Edward Hay's narrative of Sir Humphry Gilbert's expedition to Newfoundland in 1583; here is the catastrophe near the Azores as they came home:—

"Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoone, the Frigat was neere cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered: and giving forth signs of joy, the Generall sitting abaft with a booke in his hand, cried out to us in the Hind (so oft as we did approach within hearing) We are as neere to heaven by sea as by land. Reiterating the same speeche, well beseeeming a souldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testifie he was.

"The same Monday night, about twelve of the clocke, or not long after, the Frigat being ahead of us in the Golden Hinde, suddenly her lights went out, whereof as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and with all our watch cried, the Generall was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment the Frigat was devoured and swallowed up of the Sea."



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Mr. Gore-Browne, too, in his "Murder of an M.P.!" has coupled two unusual sleuths together; and as the plots are too many, and the murder altogether too elaborate to win our credence, all our entertainment is provided by the incompatibility of the Police Superintendent and the drunken painter.

Although in "The Music Gallery Murder" Mr. R. F. Foster has relied on too far-fetched a motive for his murder, he nevertheless tells a good story, and only allows his secrets

to escape at the proper time. And he too pits an amateur detective against a professional, allowing them to arrive at the solution neck and neck. Evidently it is fashionable once again to pit Scotland Yard against the private genius, and to let a confidant record their struggles; but it is clearly no longer considered in good taste to make sport of the policeman, as in the days of Sherlock Holmes.

Indeed, the heroes of both "Inspector French and the Starvel Tragedy" and "The Corpse on the Bridge," are officials from Scotland Yard. In both books we are shown something of that institution's secret councils, and it is a little confusing to find a quite different personnel in each case sitting in its high places!

Mr. Crofts is an acknowledged past master of the cold, deductive method, seasoned with a grim atmosphere, and livened by purely scientific excitement. His masterpieces are always distinguished by their flawless workmanship and exquisite finish; and in "Inspector French and the Starvel Tragedy" he has produced a more perfect specimen of his craft than ever before.

Mr. Barry's main achievements in "The Corpse on the Bridge" are the originality of his setting—a Benedictine monastery—and an ingenious device for disposing of the body. The monastery is described with combined reverence and humour; while the fact that it hinges on an international organization does not detract from the excellence of the whole story.

A women's training college provides another original background for "Midnight," by an admirably co-ordinated group of friends calling themselves "Mark Strange." The rather unkind picture of this institution, and the goings-on of its staff, provide indeed the main interest of the book, though the mystery is also good in itself, and is swaddled in layer upon layer of clues.

In his preface to "Shot on the Downs," Canon Whitechurch confesses that after he had written the first chapter he did not himself know who the murderer was; nor is there any reason why he should have done so. For the solution is arbitrary, not inevitable, and depends on the

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In the absence of school education we must educate ourselves, and nothing better for this purpose can be imagined than Professor Hill's book, which deals especially with muscles and nerves, but in the process touches upon practically every bodily function. He is absolute master of his subject, and, though it is true that the wisest of men are not always the best of teachers, it is likewise true that to explain most simply the most thorough knowledge is necessary. Professor Hill has both that knowledge and the power of lucid writing and clear explanation. Many of his examples and analogies are extraordinarily well chosen and helpful. Though originally given as a course of lectures before a "juvenile auditory" at the Royal Institution, it would be a mistake to regard this as purely a child's book, the intelligent child with the desire to find out about the workings of things will enjoy it, we think, though a little explanation from a helpful parent may be necessary in some parts, but the volume provides the most readable general account obtainable of the results of modern physiological research on muscles and nerves and the analysis of the factors regulating human speed and endurance. We recommend it unreservedly to all interested in the workings of their own bodies or in the progress of science.

A valuable feature of the book is the account given, not only of the results, but of the *methods* of research, a matter often neglected or slurred over in many "popular" scientific works. The presence of some fifty text-figures and tables and twenty-four excellent half-tone plates, is of great assistance in this. The author writes wise words, which we can only hope will receive due attention, about the importance of pure research, of which the "practical" man is frequently so scornful, showing how there are no watertight compartments in science, one thing leading to another on which it had no obvious bearing, and the practical applications of science—X-rays, wireless, amplifying valves, for example—being simply bye-products of pure research which had not the slightest apparent "practical" value. When this lesson is taken to heart and the overwhelming value of pure research—just finding out about things—is recognized, we may expect a notable advance in science with a consequent increase in the comfort—and interest—of human life. We welcome Professor Hill's book, therefore, not only for the admirable instruction it gives concerning the working of our bodies, but also because of the glimpse it gives of the nature and value of scientific research.



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The massive family tree which the reader is invited to descend begins with Francis Edgeworth, who settled in Ireland about 1585, and crowns it majestically with the titles of Clerk of the First Fruits in the Exchequer and Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper. Our descent through the next 150 years, against the kaleidoscopic background of Anglo-Irish history, is, in spite of the Editors' skilful patchwork, a little vertiginous. Then we rest and swing our legs gratefully on a strong and gentle bough. This is the Abbé Edgeworth, modest and self-controlled as well as brave, famous without ambition, who attended Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and is allowed to tell in his own words the notable story of the King's last hours, and of his own subsequent adventures in France. The simple, peaceful, and reticent tone of this chapter contrasts very curiously with the headstrong and vivid humours of the rest of the book. But before long we are again in the hurly-burly of Irish landlordism, and we end our journey on the thickest branch of all, which is Richard Lovell Edgeworth, with his four wives, his eighteen children, his researches into conical cartwheels, carriages making their own roads, perambulators, and semaphore telegraphs, his enlightened educational theories, and his darling Maria. There is a very interesting discussion of the nature of the collaboration between Richard Lovell and Maria Edgeworth. Richard Lovell has been usually represented as laying the dead hand of pedagogics on the exuberant inventions of his daughter. The authors hold that too much has been read into his atrocious prefaces to the Edgeworth novels, and that the didactic framework of Maria's inferior work is essentially her own.

For most people the salt of this book will be in its little pictures of Anglo-Irish life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There is, for instance, Jane Tuite, a strong-minded Irish lady who embraced Protestantism when she married Francis Edgeworth. Shortly after, being affronted at the preference given in church to an Irish baronet's lady, she returned in a huff to the faith of her fathers "in which she became a most exceeding bigot":—

"Francis was much distressed at this relapse and took drastic steps to ensure the Protestantism of his children. . . . The daughters were placed under the charge of an aunt, at whose house they were joined at intervals by new arrivals, who were hurried from home as soon as they were christened. Their mother was only allowed to see them in the presence of their aunt until such time as they came of age, which occasioned some unhappiness in the family, but not so far as to cause a separation."

John, the grandson of Jane (who later was to be so pertinacious in petitioning William III. for lucrative offices as to cause that patient monarch to exclaim, "Shall we never have done with the merits of Sir John Edgeworth and his family?"), was abducted by the beautiful Anne Bridgman, his stepsister, on her fourteenth birthday, and a year or two later they

"went to London with a very large bag of gold and, being then both young and giddy, emptied it very fast, each of them going to it as they had a mind. The bag was kept on the top of the tester of their bed, a place, one should imagine, not very secure . . ."

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BOTH the Church and Religion—the two are not the same thing—are for the moment much before the world. Mr. Sheppard regards them as a pastor; Bishop Barnes as one bound by his office to “give heed unto reading, exhortation, and doctrine”; the Archbishop—well, it is difficult to class an Archbishop: but (shall we say) from that of Plato’s “noble captain who is a little blind, a little deaf, and in charge of a semi-mutinous crew?” Perhaps no living Englishman, certainly no clergyman, moves among ideas as easily as the author of these Essays; and their appearance is opportune. They are, in fact, reprints; but they might have been written to-day. He does not mince matters. “The extreme Romanizing faction, dragging the main body of High Churchmen after it, has now established a purely Latin sect within the Church of England.” Reluctantly or not, the party as a whole follows these anarchists as submissively as the miners followed Mr. Cook. Hence the precipice on the brink of which the Church now stands.

If this faction would live and let live, there would be little difficulty: the questions at issue have nothing to do with religion; they are not “from heaven but of men.” But it is intolerant on principle. When Canon Bullock-Webster sees that Bishop Barnes will not bow down nor do him reverence, then, like Haman, is Canon Bullock-Webster full of wrath. “In a Disestablished Church there will be no room for Modernists,” says the organ of the sect; “and extreme Evangelicals will find themselves happier with their Free Church brethren.” So that’s that. But “the advance of Liberal opinions during the last fifty years has been far more noteworthy than the loudly trumpeted triumphs of the Catholic Revival.” The battle of creed-interpretation, at one time doubtful, has been fought and won. Thanks to the skill and sagacity of the present Archbishop of Canterbury heresy hunts have been effectively discouraged; and “a Liberal Bishop would have nothing worse to fear than the attacks of the ignoble obscurantist Press, and an organized boycott by certain theological colleges”—to which may now, it seems, be added a burlesque brawl in St. Paul’s.

The Dean’s opinion of the Enabling Act of 1919 is emphatic:—

“These constitutional changes, for which there was no demand from the mass of the laity, were pushed through during and after the war by a group of busybodies who were not too much engrossed by the agony of their country to conduct a raging agitation in all parts of England. So far, the result has been entirely in favour of the Romanizers, they have a majority in the National Assembly, which they are using, without much scruple or moderation, to tear up the old Prayer Book and the prudent compromise which it represents. . . . It must be remembered that the mass of the laity are intensely conservative. They have no wish for a new Prayer Book, or new teaching of any kind.”

Whether the attempt to force these innovations upon them will lead to Disruption and Disestablishment remains to be seen.

The later Essays deal with the outstanding questions between Science and Theology:—

“It is frivolous or dishonest to deny that such exist. . . . It is quite unnecessary to go to Australia or Central Africa to find the savage. He is our next-door neighbour. There is no superstition too absurd to find credence in modern England. The mentality of the Stone Age exists on our platforms and in our pulpits.”

The statement which has been lately made that Evolution has been taught in the theological colleges for forty years is misleading. There has, no doubt, been a prudent disinclination to repudiate it in terms. This is natural; the burnt child dreads the fire. But in the background the shadow of Moses lifts a menacing finger. Let an attempt be made to indicate the conclusions contained in the premisses, and the bulls of Bashan roar in concert. Canon Bullock-Webster, with a bodyguard of sidesmen, does so in the midst of the sanctuary—it was the organist who saved the situation; and “Mr. Belloc objects.”

## AGRA

AGRA, by the waters of the Jumna, breathes of the conquests and splendour of India’s Moghul emperors. Its records in stone and marble of the magnificence of their courts are unsurpassed among India’s memorials.

In 1526 Babar, descendant of Timur the Terrible, by his victory at Panipat set upon India the Moghul yoke, which she was to wear for nigh on two hundred years. At Agra Babar died. His remains lie in the Red Tomb of Kabul. Humayun, his son and successor, stumbled through life and, stumbling, broke his neck by a fall from the roof of his library.

Akbar, son of Humayun and the Persian lady Humida, born under a tree in the heart of the Rajputana desert, came to the throne of Delhi at the age of fourteen. Nine years later, having made Agra his capital city, he began the erection there of Agra fort, the red sandstone citadel, a mile and a half in circumference, which spreads itself, crescent-wise, along the banks of the Jumna. Under Akbar and his successors Agra was the centre of an empire that stretched from Kabul to Dacca, from Ahmednagar to Kashmir. Now Akbar’s fort stands intact, untenanted. Empty are the cages of delicately chiselled stone which housed the royal zenana; void, save for the passing stranger, the balconies above the arena, where, for the entertainment of the court, wild animals were made to fight.

Shahjahan, Akbar’s grandson, who loved much, lived much and died within the walls of Agra, created most of the marble buildings inside Agra fort. To-day their surfaces, with delicate inlay work and beautiful low relief ripened by the Eastern sun to exquisite tints of old lace, ivory, and gold, speak only of the passage of time. The clashing bravery of an Eastern emperor’s court has gone, but imagination needs no stimulus than the silence of Agra’s bejewelled marble precincts to recall the power, the riches, and the martial glory of bygone days. Above all, Shahjahan built the Taj Mahal, fitting tribute to the memory of his beloved queen Muntaz-i-Mahal.

Stand in the fretted recesses of Agra’s Jasmine Tower; behind, the fountain of rose-water—Nur Jahan’s “attar”—in front, the broad curve of the Jumna. Observe, a mile away, arising out of the morning mist, the domes and minarets of the Taj, a fairy palace of the Arabian nights, of such beauty that it seems incredible it could have been made by human hands. Tread softly through its interior by daylight; see it, amber and rose and gold, at sunset; gaze on it by moonlight and sense such a witchery as is laid on the human soul by no other marbled art in the world.

There is much to tell of Agra, did space permit. Its native city alone is worth a visit. Truly, the traveller who pauses here for three or four days will be well rewarded.

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The following are biographies or autobiographies: "Behind the Scenes with Cyril Maude," by Himself (Murray, 16s.); "Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala," by Lt.-Col. the Hon. H. D. Napier (Arnold, 21s.); "The Other Bundle," by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline (Hutchinson, 18s.); "The Farington Diary," by Joseph Farington, Vol. VII.—1811-1814 (Hutchinson, 21s.); "Since I was Twenty-five," by Frank Rutter (Constable, 12s.).

In "The Economic World," by Arthur R. Burns and Eveline M. Burns (University of London Press, 5s.), an attempt is made to describe the mechanism of the modern world to those who have no training in economics.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**The Keith Papers.** Vol. I. Edited by W. G. PERRIN. (Printed for the Navy Records Society. 21s.)

This is a selection from the papers of G. Keith Elphinstone, subsequently Lord Keith, and the present volume covers the period 1772-1796. It deals with four chapters in his career: his service in the Mediterranean, 1772-74 and during the American Revolution (convoy and cruising, operations on the coast of East Florida, and the capture of Charleston), on the French coast, 1794-5 (Toulon), and the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. Among the documents the editor rightly included also such as illustrate the everyday life in the Navy and the routine of the Service. The work of selection seems very well done, and each part is prefaced by an introductory note supplying the proper setting for its documents. The book is a quarry from which many historians will be able to obtain useful material. Even the student of Parliamentary history will find in it one letter touching his subject, namely, that from Lord Sandwich to Elphinstone dated "Admiralty, January 22nd, 1781" (page 85):—

"Sir,—I really am under much difficulty how to answer the letter I have just received from you. I am exceedingly unwilling to refuse any request of yours that is in itself perfectly reasonable, and yet I cannot help telling you that I foresee inconvenience from your leaving your ship at this particular moment. . . ."

One can guess the business which engaged Elphinstone at that time. At the general election of 1780, he had stood for Co. Dumbarton as nominee of the Montrose family, against Lord Frederick Campbell, the Argyle candidate, and was now petitioning against Lord Frederick's return. He succeeded, and sat in the House of Commons, 1781-90 and 1796-1801. A most interesting book could be written on admirals in the eighteenth-century Parliament—could not the Navy Records Society collect and publish the records of their Parliamentary activities, at least in so far as these concerned the Navy?

**A Greek-English Lexicon.** Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL and ROBERT SCOTT. Part 3. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.)

The third part of the new "Liddell and Scott," which is being edited by Dr. H. S. Jones, covers the ground from *δύλεμμα* to *ἐξευτελιστής*. The nature of the revision and additions are shown by the fact that the 192 pages in this third part answer to 158 pages in the old edition, although the page of the old edition was smaller than that of the new. The word *ἐξευτελιστής* itself is not given at all in the old edition.

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An interesting orchestral record is Debussy's characteristic "Iberia—Images pour Orchestra," No. 2, played by Paul Klenau and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, occupying five sides of three records, with "L'Enfant Prodigue, Cortège et Air de Danse," on the sixth side (L1999-2001. 6s. 6d. each). Jean Lensen and his Orchestra play Massenet's "Ariane" and Gillet's "La Lettre de Manon" (4483. 3s.). A mandoline band performs Prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana" (4484. 3s.). The St. James's String Sextet play "Canzonetta" and "La Chasse" of Mendelssohn (4485. 3s.). The Catterall Quartet give Mozart's "Ave Verum" and the much-played "Moment Musical" of Schubert and "Träumerei" of Schumann (9244. 4s. 6d.).

The best instrumental record is Rachmaninoff's Prelude in B flat and Polichinelle, played on the piano by Pouishnoff (L1997. 6s. 6d.). Lionel Tertis on the viola plays a Fugue in D of Tartini and Arensky's "Berceuse" (L1995. 6s. 6d.), and Arthur Catterall on the violin Arensky's "Serenade" and Dittersdorf's Allegro in E flat (D1584. 4s. 6d.).

The songs are not as interesting as usual. Mr. Norman Allin is perhaps the best of the singers in Halévy's "The Jewess" and "Little Cattle, Little Care" (L1996. 6s. 6d.). Other vocal records are "All suddenly the wind comes soft" and "Do you know my garden?" sung by Hubert Eisdell, tenor (D1585. 4s. 6d.); "Silent Noon" of Vaughan Williams and "Peace," sung by J. Dale Smith, baritone (9245. 4s. 6d.); "Absence" and "In this hour of softened splendour," sung by the Salisbury Singers (4488. 3s.).

Lighter music is supplied by the Plaza Theatre Orchestra which plays the Gipsy Suite (Two 12-in. records. 9241-2. 4s. 6d. each), and "Annie Laurie" and "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," played as Carillon solos by Kamiel Lefevere of Malines (4510. 3s.). The great Gershwin plays on the piano "Clap yo' hands," "Do-do-do," "Someone to watch over me," and "Maybe," from "Oh, Kay!" (Two 10-in. records. 4538 and 4539. 3s. each).

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# FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

"THE TIMES" AND SPECULATION—HUDSON'S BAY—SUDAN PLANTATIONS—TWO ISSUES.

THE City Editor of the TIMES, while sensitive to our recent remark that "the financial pundits in the Press have been uttering heavy warnings against Stock Exchange gambling and condemning all investment which is not based upon past earnings and records as rank speculation," is withal impervious to modern investment practice. "Speculation," he writes (the TIMES, November 8th), "concerns itself with possibilities of the future. . . . Investment has as its basis a record of solid achievement." That, again, appears to us an absurd generalization. We were both talking of ordinary shares, or at any rate of variable-dividend securities. To base investment on "a record of solid achievement" might allow the purchase of the ordinary shares of a company which, despite a magnificent history of past earnings, was at the moment suffering a loss or was intending to pass its dividend. Investment in the equities of commercial companies must concern itself with (a) the present as far as that is known; (b) the possibilities of the future. As we have said, past earnings and dividends are a useful guide in forming an opinion of the standing of a company, but they can never decide the question of a purchase or sale of that company's ordinary shares.

Last week we gave Cunard Steamship ordinary shares as a case where purchase at the then price of 24s. 3d. would not be justified on the past dividend of 6 per cent. But we pointed to (a) the present savings on interest charges and the 1928 savings on fuel oil costs, and (b) the possibilities of a future increase in net profits and dividends. On good authority we learn that the savings on fuel oil costs in 1928 will amount to over £400,000—the equivalent of a dividend of over 7 per cent. on the Cunard ordinary capital. (*En passant*, a correction—the savings on interest charges will be £72,747 in 1927, and £125,247 in 1928 as compared with 1926—the equivalent of a dividend of 2½ per cent.) The intelligence required for anticipating in this case an increase in future net profits and dividends can certainly be overstressed, but the point is that a purchase of Cunard shares does involve anticipation of future revenues, and is nevertheless far removed from speculation. Incidentally, Cunard shares have risen to 26s., and will probably be higher before long.

Another example to show the absurdity of this narrow view of "investment" may be found in Hudson's Bay ordinary shares which are standing at 4½. For the year ending May 31st, 1927, this Company paid 10 per cent. gross out of its trading account, and 10 per cent. tax free out of its land account. Its record since the war has been as follows:—

	Trade Account.			Land Account.		
	Year ending May 31st.			Year ending Jan. 31st.		
1926	...	20%	...	3½%	tax free	
1925	...	20%	...	nil		
1924	...	20%	...	nil	(10 months to Jan. 31st, 1924)	
1923	...	17½%	...	2%	tax free (year to March 31st)	
1922	...	35%	...	10%	tax free (year to March 31st)	
1921	...	25%	...	15%	tax free (year to March 31st)	
1920	...	25%	...	15%	tax free (year to March 31st)	
1919	...	25%	...	20%	tax free (year to March 31st)	

Such "a record of solid achievement" would justify the purchase of Hudson's Bay shares as an investment under the TIMES definition. But at the price of 4½ to give a yield of 5 per cent. gross on last year's dividend it would be unsound. In fact, "intelligent anticipation" points to a reduction in the interim dividend out of trading as the vast new expenditure on building, equipping, and organizing modern stores cannot have had time to fructify. The reduction in receipts in the land account for half the current year (which is common knowledge) and the diminutiveness of the carry forward, also point to a reduction in the dividend out of the land account. Hence we would not buy Hudson's Bay shares at the present price. On the

other hand, if the shares react appreciably a purchase might be a sound investment as it is also intelligent to anticipate satisfactory returns in the future from the new stores policy.

We ourselves have no quarrel with the City Editor of the TIMES in condemning the sensational rises which occurred lately in British Celanese ordinary and Marconi ordinary shares as gambling, for we had already described these rises as being based on wild estimates of profits or wild rumours of negotiations. We object only to his solemn attempt to pin investment in ordinary share equities down to a basis of "solid achievements" or past records. It may be difficult to say where investment proper ends and where speculation improper begins, but it is weakening the case against stock gambling to declare that a purchase of ordinary shares which takes into account future possibilities is necessarily speculation. It is our business to know as much about modern investment practice as the City Editor of the TIMES knows about investment theory of the past century. In our infancy we learned to discourage, not encourage, mere speculation on the Stock Exchange, and the leading Stock Exchange firms now refuse to give their clients the pre-war facilities for *contango* accounts.

Another illustration of investment looking to the future is the purchase of the shares of Sudan Plantation Syndicate at the present price of around 4½. For the year ending June 30th, good crops and the rise in cotton prices enabled the Company to show a substantial increase in profits. The following statement shows the results over the last four years:—

	1924-25.	1925-26.	1926-27.
	£	£	£
Net Profit	162,885	510,394	688,383
Available	339,450	697,655	969,042
Dividend	150,000	375,000	450,000
Ditto, per cent.	25	25	30
Reserve	—	28,000	100,000
Carried Forward	189,450*	294,655*	419,042*

\* Subject to directors' extra fees.

The dividend, which has been raised to 30 per cent., is paid on the old share capital of £1,500,000, and the 750,000 new shares issued in May (bringing the total capital up to £2,250,000 (in £1 shares) do not rank for dividend until the current year. At 4½ cum dividend the shares yield a little over 6½ per cent. A further increase in profits in view of the increase in the area under cotton cultivation is a matter of "future possibilities," but none the less concerns investment.

Two industrial issues were said to have been largely over-subscribed this week—£150,000 in preference shares, and £7,500 in ordinary shares of the British Brunswick, Ltd., and £160,000 in preference shares, and £8,000 in deferred shares of Whitehall Films, Ltd. The prospectus of the first Company, which manufactures gramophones and records, stated that for eleven months ending August 31st, 1927, net profits were £10,028, and that it is yet "not unreasonable to look for a net profit of £100,000 for the period September 1st, 1927, to December 31st, 1928." This estimate may not be unreasonable, but the period chosen is liable to mislead the uninstructed. The gramophone trade is seasonal, and these sixteen months would include two periods of maximum profits. The Whitehall Films, Ltd., proposes to erect a film studio for £35,000, which the "trade" Press describe as impossible, and make films at a cost of £10,000 each, which is a third or fourth of the usual cost of the "feature" films required by the leading cinema theatres. Yet this issue was about eight times over-subscribed. This is gambling of a reckless or ignorant sort. It is a pity that the City Editors of the daily Press are not more careful to warn the ingenuous public.

## TOURS, WHERE TO STAY, &amp;c.

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The salary will be £650 inclusive, per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 per annum to £900.

Subject to certain conditions, the post is pensionable under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities, but no claim to Civil Service Pension will be recognised.

Full details of the appointment and forms of application may be obtained on written application to the Under-Secretary of State for War (S.D.3 (a)) at the War Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, with whom applications must be lodged on or before November 19th, 1927.

## METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK.

## APPOINTMENT OF CHIEF LIBRARIAN AND CURATOR.

THE COUNCIL invite applications for the position of Chief Librarian and Curator at a salary of £550 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to an inclusive maximum of £650 per annum.

The person appointed will be required to take charge of the Central and four branch libraries in the Borough, and also to act as Curator of the Cuming Museum, which is situated in the Central Library building. He must devote the whole of his time to the duties of the office. Preference will be given to persons who have had experience of public library work.

The appointment will be subject to the Shoreditch and Other Metropolitan Borough Councils (Superannuation) Act, 1922, and the person appointed will be required to pass the medical examination specified by the Council.

Applications must be made on the prescribed form, which can be obtained on sending stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the undersigned. Applications, endorsed "Chief Librarian," accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, must reach me not later than noon on Wednesday, November 23rd, 1927.

P. H. GRAY,  
Town Clerk.

Southwark Town Hall,  
Walworth Road, S.E.17.  
November 8th, 1927.

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Applications, accompanied by a copies of three testimonials and endorsed "Senior Library Assistant," must be received by me not later than November 16th, 1927.

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## PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE Creighton Lecture, entitled "HISTORY AND CITIZENSHIP," will be given by Dr. C. GRANT ROBERTSON, C.V.O., LL.D., M.A. (Vice-Chancellor of the University of Birmingham), at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Dr. Francis W. Pender, D.C.L. (Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford and Warden of All Souls' College).

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DR. G. P. GOOCH will lecture on "The Diplomatic Antecedents of the War," at FRIENDS HOUSE, Euston Road, N.W.1 (opposite Euston Station), on Monday, November 14th, at 8 p.m.

Tickets, 8d. each (a few reserved seats at 1s.), can be obtained from the London Council for Prevention of War, 39, Victoria Street, S.W.1, or at Friends House on night of lecture.

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# THE NATION

## AND ATHENÆUM

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1927.

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# THE NATION

## AND ATHENÆUM

### LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

#### THE ART OF FICTION

Aspects of the Novel. By E. M. FORSTER. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

THAT fiction is a lady and a lady who has somehow got herself into trouble is a thought that must often have struck her admirers. Many gallant gentlemen have ridden to her rescue, chief among them Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Percy Lubbock. But both were a little ceremonious in their approach; both, one felt, had a great deal of knowledge of her, but not much intimacy with her. Now comes Mr. Forster, who disclaims knowledge but cannot deny that he knows the lady well. If he lacks something of the others' authority, he enjoys the privileges which are allowed the lover. He knocks at the bedroom door and is admitted when the lady is in slippers and dressing gown. Drawing up their chairs to the fire they talk easily, wittily, subtly, like old friends who have no illusions, although in fact the bedroom is a lecture-room, and the place the highly austere city of Cambridge.

This informal attitude on Mr. Forster's part is, of course, deliberate. He is not a scholar; he refuses to be a pseudo-scholar. There remains a point of view which the lecturer can adopt usefully if modestly. He can, as Mr. Forster puts it, "visualize the English novelists, not as floating down that stream which bears all its sons away unless they are careful, but as seated together in a room, a circular room—a sort of British Museum reading-room—all writing their novels simultaneously." So simultaneous are they, indeed, that they persist in writing out of their turn. Richardson insists that he is contemporary with Henry James. Wells will write a passage which might be written by Dickens. Being a novelist himself, Mr. Forster is not annoyed at this discovery. He knows from experience what a muddled and illogical machine the brain of a writer is. He knows how little they think about methods; how completely they forget their grandfathers; how absorbed they tend to become in some vision of their own. Thus though the scholars have all his respect, his sympathies are with the untidy and harassed people who are scribbling away at their books. And looking down on them not from any great height, but, as he says, over their shoulders, he makes out, as he passes, that certain shapes and ideas tend to recur in their minds whatever their period. Since story-telling began, stories have always been made out of much the same elements; and these, which he calls *The Story*, *People*, *Plot*, *Fantasy*, *Prophecy*, *Pattern*, and *Rhythm*, he now proceeds to examine.

Many are the judgments that we would willingly argue, many are the points over which we would willingly linger, as Mr. Forster passes lightly on his way. That Scott is a story-teller and nothing more; that a story is the lowest of literary organisms; that the novelist's unnatural preoccupation with love is largely a reflection of his own state of mind while he composes—every page has a hint or a suggestion which makes us stop to think or wish to contradict. Never raising his voice above the speaking level, Mr. Forster has the art of saying things which sink airily enough into the mind to stay there and unfurl like those Japanese flowers which open up in the depths of the water. But greatly though these sayings intrigue us we want to call a halt at some definite stopping place; we want to make Mr. Forster stand and deliver. For possibly, if fiction is, as we suggest, in difficulties, it may be because nobody grasps her firmly and defines her severely. She has had no rules drawn up for her, very little thinking done on her behalf. And though rules may be wrong, and must be broken, they have this advantage—they confer dignity and order upon their subject; they admit her to a place in civilized society; they prove that she is worthy of consideration. But this part of

his duty, if it is his duty, Mr. Forster expressly disowns. He is not going to theorize about fiction except incidentally; he doubts even whether she is to be approached by a critic, and if so, with what critical equipment. All we can do is to edge him into a position which is definite enough for us to see where he stands. And perhaps the best way to do this is to quote, much summarized, his estimates of three great figures—Meredith, Hardy, and Henry James. Meredith is an exploded philosopher. His vision of nature is "fluffy and lush." When he gets serious and noble, he becomes a bully. "And his novels; most of the social values are faked. The tailors are not tailors, the cricket matches are not cricket." Hardy is a far greater writer. But he is not so successful as a novelist because his characters are "required to contribute too much to the plot; except in their rustic humours, their vitality has been impoverished, they have gone thin and dry—he has emphasized causality more strongly than his medium permits." Henry James pursued the narrow path of aesthetic duty and was successful. But at what a sacrifice? "Most of human life has to disappear before he can do us a novel. Maimed creatures can alone breathe in his novels. His characters are few in number and constructed on stingy lines."

Now if we look at these judgments and place beside them certain admissions and omissions, we shall see that, if we cannot pin Mr. Forster to a creed, we can commit him to a point of view. There is something—we hesitate to be more precise—which he calls "life." It is to this that he brings the books of Meredith, Hardy, or James for comparison. Always their failure is some failure in relation to life. It is the humane as opposed to the æsthetic view of fiction. It maintains that the novel is "sogged with humanity"; that "human beings have their great chance in the novel"; a triumph won at the expense of life is, in fact, a defeat. Thus we arrive at the notably harsh judgment of Henry James. For Henry James brought into the novel something besides human beings. He created patterns which, though beautiful in themselves, are hostile to humanity. And for his neglect of life, says Mr. Forster, he will perish.

But at this point the pertinacious pupil may demand, "What is this 'Life' that keeps on cropping up so mysteriously and so complacently in books about fiction? Why is it absent in a pattern and present in a tea party? Why is the pleasure that we get from the pattern in the Golden Bowl less valuable than the emotion which Trollope gives us when he describes a lady drinking tea in a parsonage? Surely the definition of life is too arbitrary and requires to be expanded." To all of this Mr. Forster would reply, presumably, that he lays down no laws; the novel somehow seems to him too soft a substance to be carved like the other arts; he is merely telling us what moves him and what leaves him cold. Indeed, there is no other criterion. So then we are back in the old bog; nobody knows anything about the laws of fiction; or what its relation is to life; or to what effects it can lend itself. We can only trust our instincts. If instinct leads one reader to call Scott a story-teller, another to call him a master of romance; if one reader is moved by art, another by life, each is right, and each can pile a card-house of theory on top of his opinion as high as he can go. But the assumption that fiction is more intimately and humbly attached to the service of human beings than the other arts leads to a further position which Mr. Forster's book again illustrates. It is unnecessary to dwell upon her æsthetic functions because they are so feeble that they can safely be ignored. Thus, though it is impossible to imagine a book on painting in which not a word should be said about the medium in which a painter works, a wise and brilliant book, like Mr. Forster's, can be written about fiction without saying more than a sentence or two about the medium in

which a novelist works. Almost nothing is said about words. One might suppose, unless one had read them, that a sentence means the same thing and is used for the same purposes by Sterne and by Wells. One might conclude that "Tristram Shandy" gains nothing from the language in which it is written. So with the other æsthetic qualities. Pattern, as we have seen, is recognized, but severely censured for her tendency to obscure the human features. Beauty occurs, but she is suspect. She makes one furtive appearance "beauty at which a novelist should never aim, though he fails if he does not achieve it"—and the possibility that she may emerge again as rhythm is briefly discussed in a few interesting pages at the end. But for the rest, fiction is treated as a parasite which draws its sustenance from life, and must, in gratitude, resemble life or perish. In poetry, in drama, words may excite and stimulate and deepen without this allegiance; but in fiction they must, first and foremost, hold themselves at the service of the teapot and the pug dog, and to be found wanting is to be found lacking.

Strange though this unæsthetic attitude would be in the critic of any other art, it does not surprise us in the critic of fiction. For one thing, the problem is extremely difficult. A book fades like a mist, like a dream. How are we to take a stick and point to that tone, that relation, in the vanishing pages, as Mr. Roger Fry points with his wand at a line or a colour in the picture displayed before him? Moreover, a novel in particular has roused a thousand ordinary human feelings in its progress. To drag in art in such a connection seems priggish and cold-hearted. It may well compromise the critic as a man of feeling and domestic ties. And so, while the painter, the musician, and the poet come in for their share of criticism, the novelist goes unscathed. His character will be discussed; his morality, it may be his genealogy, will be examined; but his writing will go scot free. There is not a critic alive now who will say that a novel is a work of art and that as such he will judge it.

And perhaps, as Mr. Forster insinuates, the critics are right. In England, at any rate, the novel is not a work of art. There are none to be stood beside "War and Peace," "The Brothers Karamazov," or "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." But while we accept the fact, we cannot suppress one last conjecture. In France and Russia they take fiction seriously. Flaubert spends a month seeking a phrase to describe a cabbage. Tolstoy writes "War and Peace" seven times over. Something of their pre-eminence may be due to the pains they take, something to the severity with which they are judged. If the English critic were less domestic, less assiduous to protect the rights of what it pleases him to call life, the novelist might be bolder too. He might cut adrift from the eternal tea table and the plausible and preposterous formulas which are supposed to represent the whole of our human adventure. But then the story might wobble; the plot might crumble; ruin might seize upon the characters. The novel in short might become a work of art.

Such are the dreams that Mr. Forster leads us to cherish. For his is a book to encourage dreaming. None more suggestive has been written about the poor lady whom, with perhaps mistaken chivalry, we still persist in calling the art of fiction.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

### "NO CRABB, NO CHRISTMAS"

[A Christmas at Rydal Mount without a visit from Crabb Robinson was thus described by the Wordsworths.]

**The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle, 1808 to 1866.** Edited by EDITH I. MORLEY. Two vols. (The Clarendon Press. 42s.)

It is startling to be reminded that fifty-seven years have passed away since Dr. Sadler published (Macmillan) three stout volumes entitled "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson," the "old Crab" of those youngsters Arthur Hugh Clough and Walter Bagehot; and it is strange to be called upon to notice that Dr. Sadler in his preface thanks for assistance rendered "J. Morley, Esquire, Author of 'Burke, A Historical Study.'"

The same Editor also informed the astonished reader that stout as his three volumes were they did not contain more than one twenty-fifth part of the materials at his disposal. Since 1869 more than half a century is behind us,

and it is, in most respects, an entirely new England that is asked to welcome two more volumes dug out of the same pit, and devoted exclusively to Wordsworth and what is called his "Circle."

More "Crab" remains in storage.

The present Editor is possibly right in the method here pursued and intended to be pursued in future publications. After Wordsworth, Coleridge will have his turn, and so on till the Robinsonian cupboards in Dr. William's Library are bare.

Those of us who like their reading of Diaries and Reminiscences to be "mixed reading" so that when we grow weary of one entourage we can flee into another, may demur to this method, but when we think of Miss Morley ruefully surveying those cupboards, it is easy to believe that she had really no choice but to adopt the Roman maxim *Divide et impera!*

So here are two volumes, containing, all told, a little over nine hundred pages about Wordsworth, his sister, his wife, his daughter, his sons, his grandsons, and the clerical nephew who wrote his Biography, which some have reckoned the dullest life ever written of a great man except the Life of that famous Judge Lord Hardwicke, by somebody of the name of Harris.

These two volumes record the History of a Family told year by year and sometimes month by month, in the language of the hour, and as the things happened, with a frankness, a bluntness that belong to those who had no suspicion that in writing as they did they were doing anything but living out their lives in the secrecy of a sheltered home.

There were times in reading these pages when we felt guilty of an almost indecent intrusion upon the private sorrows of proud and reserved spirits. We are ready enough to believe that most family records extending over three generations when reported truthfully, bluntly, and untinged by sloppy sentiment or sickly religiosity, cannot but be painful reading; yet over this Vale of Grasmere there hung clouds so back and sorrows so permanent as to make the sustained study of these volumes more than usually melancholy.

All true Wordsworthians, and many who have never been guilty of idolatry at that shrine, love the very name of the poet's sister, the "dear, dear sister," the eternal nymph of Tintern Abbey, the wildest creature that ever lived, and the most powerful external human influence her brother ever felt. How can we do else but cry as we trace her history in the first of these volumes? Down to the end of 1831, she is Robinson's chief correspondent, and her letters reveal her careless charm. Rydal Mount without Dorothy, how could it endure? Then about the date just mentioned she drops out; and though living at Rydal Mount for five years after her brother's death in 1850, she only figures in the family correspondence as "my poor sister," or, more painful still, as "dear old Auntie." Her illness was mental, and sometimes it is described too bluntly. To think of such a spirit so "o'erthrown" is terrible.

De Quincey, who, to do the spiteful but subtle creature justice, loved Dorothy, has made us all laugh over Wordsworth's inability to pick up a lady's glove, or to hand her out or even into her carriage, but until his own death and for twenty years of his sister's illness he never forgot to catch in her voice the language of his former heart, or to read his former pleasures in the "shooting lights" of her wild eyes. Wordsworth all these long years never wished her to die, however much others of a younger generation might have thought it would have been a merciful relief. He could not endure the thought of such a loss. Even the kind-hearted Crabb thought this was odd. We find it hard to forgive Edward Quillinan (Wordsworth's son-in-law) his reference to Dorothy, "Miss W. was in a deplorable way for her brother's departure from home, for he, you know, spoils her, poor thing" (Vol. 2, p. 674).

After this melancholy and prolonged occultation of Dorothy, the death of his daughter (Dora Quillinan) in July, 1847, broke the heart of the tough old Poet. It dissolved him into tears, and when left alone he had long fits of weeping. A Wordsworth in floods of tears is not a familiar figure to his admirers. His mind and will remained as strong as ever for there was little room for mere sentiment in his self-centred nature, but he found it well-nigh impossible to live



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without sight of her. Robinson reports to Miss Fenwick, one of Wordsworth's dearest friends and neighbours, whom he was wont to greet each morning with "a smacking kiss," how when he (Crabb) was lamenting to old James Dixon, the faithful family servant, his master's inability "to submit to the will of Providence," James replied: "Ah! sir, so I took the liberty of saying to master, but he said, 'Oh! but she was such a bright creature,' and when I answered, 'But, sir, don't you think she is brighter now than ever she was,' then master burst into a flood of tears." Wordsworth's religion was an immense support to him, but gave him little comfort.

The tragedies connected with the names of S.T.C., and his son Hartley, in whom Wordsworth had taken great delight, which lives in immortal verse as "a blessed vision," and with the latter days of Southey were, of course, less poignant than the two we have mentioned, for Wordsworth's sympathy with the elder Coleridge was always "imperfect," whilst with Southey he had none at all; but they all combined to cast a deep shadow over the Vale and its tiny Churchyard.

The frequently recurring names of Charles and Mary Lamb bestow a benediction over these volumes. Wordsworth's love for them was deep and enduring.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

### BIOGRAPHIES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

- Jean Paul Marat: a Study in Radicalism.** By LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK, Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)
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THE ever-increasing number of books published under the general heading of biography admits of subdivision into a variety of types, differentiated according to the author's aim and method. The present list falls roughly into three groups, each one representing a definite type. Stated in the briefest way, the first six books are objective, the next three self-conscious, the last three egotistic. But labels alone, with their flavour of the arbitrary, are unenlightening. By a consideration of the books placed under these headings, the typicalities of each group become more easily apparent, as do also their specific differences.

All the authors grouped under Type A attempt a straightforward survey of the relevant factors, such as character, achievement, policy, and story, that combine to form the personality they present. The biographer is, or should be, a completely impartial judge, concentrating entirely on his subject without obtruding his own position with regard to it. Any personal bias that may appear is a defect in the individual example, and quite different from the self-consciousness and egotism of Types B and C. The standard of these six examples is conspicuously varied, depending as it does on the quality of material as well as treatment. Here, for instance, are two writers who choose subjects from the French Revolution; but while the name of Marat suggests immediate possibilities, that of the Dauphin wakes no echo. The material of the Dauphin's life is slight and end-stopped, and Mr. Buckley might with advantage have compressed into a monograph his arguments in evidence of the boy's death in the Temple. On the other hand, Professor Gottschalk has written a biography which may well serve as a model of its type. Violent partizanship has made of Marat

either a devil or a saint. He is portrayed here, sanely and convincingly, as a human and comprehensible personality whose very inconsistencies of policy, far from being explained away, are seen to be the inevitable outcome of his character. Marat, with his contradictions, hasty exaggerations, and a political philosophy that developed from conservatism to extreme radicalism, is no easy subject for the biographer who refuses to attitudinize. But Professor Gottschalk, avoiding all temptation to simplify, has shirked nothing that will throw a light, even though a cross-light, on Marat's revolutionary activities. He thus achieves a clear and comprehensive view of the nature and extent of Marat's part in the whole republican movement.

None of the remaining books of this group are so ambitious in scheme, except possibly Mrs. Best's, in which intention would seem to have outstripped result. The accounts of Edison and Leverhulme have much in common; each dealing with the work of a man of abnormal energy and initiative, with, as Lord Leverhulme's son expresses it, "a great passion for construction." From one aspect, both these books are necessarily incomplete: the authors stand too near to their subjects to be able to present conclusively their respective influence on inventive science and business methods. The contemporary biographer is bound to yield to the historian for a final judgment on proportions by which the achievements of pioneers may be definitely focused. An example of the unfocused is Mrs. Bennett's readable story of her father's problems and adventures as an early settler in Western Queensland. But Mrs. Best, provided with a historical subject, has partly missed the advantage of her position. Her book hovers uncertainly between a serious study of Quaker influence and a collection of anecdotal life stories. In this case it is treatment, not material, that makes the book a disappointing example of its type.

Turning to Type B, the label applied to it is not intended in itself to be derogatory. The self-conscious biographer sets out with different aims from the objective one, and must be judged by different values. He demands consideration as an artist; his work being an expression partly of its subject and partly of his own personality. Either he is absorbed, like Mr. Steel and M. de Pourtalès, by a particular method of presentation, or, like M. Chantmesse, he has a theory to work in. He favours simplification and selected facts, that tend to convert the dry science of biography into the coloured semblance of fiction. Of the three examples here, Mr. Steel goes furthest on this track—so far that he finds it advisable to define his position in a final note. From a mass of data he has evolved a "poetically true conception," deliberately omitting any facts that appear to him "uncharacteristic—poetically false." It would be unfair to quarrel with Mr. Steel for his omissions, since he has not set out to write a biography of Jonson, but to make a bold-toned sketch of him. The only false reasoning is that implied in his quotation from Aristotle—that poetry, being conversant with universal rather than particular truth, "is a more philosophical and a more serious thing than history." One is tempted to accept the illegitimate argument in order to state that Mr. Steel's poetical Jonsonian truth is a flimsier and more fictitious thing than historical biography. But judged exclusively within its type it emerges as a skilful example of careful artistry disguised as reckless impressionism.

M. de Pourtalès, writing half a story, half a life, is almost choked by a too conscious artistry. His central figure is no solidier than the emotional residue of a Chopin nocturne, with which he strains to bring his whole book into key. Strain is, in fact, the self-conscious biographer's potent enemy. Mr. Steel successfully avoids it, but M. Chantmesse has it, even though half the book is not of his own writing. Indeed, had it consisted solely of Laura D'Abrantès' Memoirs its place would have been anywhere but in this group. But the editor's efforts to force home at every step the significance of the newly revealed letters he publishes has shifted the whole centre of the book. The involutions of the Duchess's secret intrigue are interesting; it is on their political importance, however, that her editor insists. There is a tangle of threads here, some of which trip up Napoleon and pull down the Empire. M. Chantmesse believes Laura's thread to be responsible, and, preparing his climax like a novelist, is full of warnings and key-sentences. But the

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thread is long and slender. By the time it has been tugged round the Emperor's feet its strength is all dissipated by the strain.

Finally, Type C, the egotistic. "Je suis moy mesme la matière de mon livre," says Montaigne, but without writing autobiography. So the characteristic of this group is description of personalities or events, generally of a certain public importance, through the medium of personal contact. The author appears in his work, not as an artist influencing his picture, but as an actor in his drama. M. Savinsky, Russian Minister in Bulgaria from 1910 until the war; Mr. Lowe, *Times* correspondent in Berlin during the Bismarck era; both describe in detail their associations with political and state affairs. Mr. Lowe is the more limitedly autobiographical, M. Savinsky in more intimate touch with historical events. His final chapters deal exhaustively with Russia's policy in Bulgaria, up to the ultimate rupture when King Ferdinand, after months of vacillation, joined Germany. These hitherto unpublished details, and the light they throw on methods of diplomacy, give the book value for the student of international affairs. In historical and political importance it comes an easy second on the list; but remains second since, in accordance with its type, it is inevitably written from an oblique angle. As the author himself realizes, his account is only a contribution to the eventual attainment of a historical and objective finality such as Professor Gottschalk is able to command.

The last of this group has almost escaped notice. However, it should now be obvious that the answer is in the negative.

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- What I Saw in Russia.** By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)
- Letters from the Cape.** By LADY DUFF GORDON. Annotated by DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE. Introduction by MRS. JANET ROSS. (Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.)

THE unmistakable figure of Theodore Roosevelt, seen against a background of American sunset, with gigantic trophies of the chase at his feet, marks importantly a modern epoch of big lands, big game, and big ideas. We are told by his son that Roosevelt had long debated changing Hunter to President in the title of one of his books, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," and had only been deterred from this alliterative improvement by a feeling that he afterwards came to regard as false modesty. In the present large volume, which consists of two reprinted books, the larger life of the "Bad Lands," the exhilaration of the great plains, the last excitements of shooting the "Lordly Buffalo" and the un-

fortunate Grizzly, are imparted and delineated. The mental and moral values of travel and chase upon the grand scale remain dubious. The cult of strenuousness and spirit recalls the mid-Victorian tendency towards athletic Christianity. Contemplation of vast plains and snowy ranges, while one pauses from the sportive extermination of the larger species, seems, in fact, a matter of rhetoric. "Cleared for Strange Ports," a symposium by the Roosevelt family, is a cheerful pendant to the *Adventures*. Tiger hunting in Mysore State, activity in Alaska, "which attracts only the high-spirited romantic, developing his individuality and self-reliance," additional hunting amid Korean snows, all these suggest that the pursuit of bigness may become a mere habit. One notes in a journey in 1924 upon the Chinese Eastern railway, a result of revolution: Russian meals were served, for the cook had been the chef of a Grand Duke; one remembers the *sakouska*, a glorified form of hors d'œuvres, cold pheasant, several kinds of caviare, and other delicacies, all washable down with appropriate wines.

The rhetoric of travel, springing from a debased romanticism, has received a new fillip by the falsetto of the film. The facts of the Everest expeditions are familiar and transcend the inevitable captions. The account by Captain Noel is straightforward and ennobling to read. The preliminary attempts, the team-work, the hardships, lead by a natural culmination to the tragic events within sight of the coveted peak. Strenuousness and science also mark Dr. McGovern's exploration of Amazonian jungle mazes where tribes have never seen a white man. Dr. McGovern fails quite to spoil his account by the use of drastic captions. "The Land of Naked Women," for instance, is typical; it only means, however, that the traveller found a tribe of which the women-folk wore nothing but ornamental woven garters. "It would seem the less clothes women wear, the more highly proper and reserved is their conduct"; a consolatory remark for those who deplore civilized fashions of to-day. There are fascinating descriptions of primitive Indian tribes and dances, and of the sacred Jurupari rites of which Dr. McGovern became an initiate with elaborate ceremony. On one occasion he was asked to perform the mysterious name-giving ceremony of the white man over some children who were sickly. After hard thinking he arrived at the conclusion that the Indians referred to the rite of Baptism. It would seem that owing to missionary activity on the distant Rio Negro, many decades before, gossip of beneficial magic had passed through the forests. This episode induces melancholy reflections, perhaps, as one turns to "Through Jade Gate and Central Asia," the record of a religious journey across the Black Gobi Desert by three intrepid women missionaries, who followed the old way of Marco Polo, travelling in the cool of night and carrying their food in sacks. To these courageous evangelists who fared forth with hymn-books and itinerant service, the hierophantic splendours, the liturgies, the clashing cymbals, the aromatic incense-clouds, and the revolving prayers of Tibetan worship, seemed to spring from "very old and very evil influences."

More worldly in its motive, was the journey undertaken by Captain Haywood through the scarcely known and waterless tracts of Jubaland, before that province of British East Africa was ceded to the Italian Government. The purpose was to discover a trade-route, which is another term for a military route. At political and diplomatic conferences, the Somali have an interesting and useful practice. When agreement is not reached, *Boni*, a concoction with coffee berries, which has a pleasing and restorative effect, is served around. The native diplomats smear their faces with hot butter, chew the berries and drink the sweetened milk in which they float. This is better than our business rite of cigars and champagne. The Lorian Swamp, in which hippopotami splashed and a river lost itself, proved not to be so mysterious after all; when he got there Captain Haywood found a British General in the middle of it eating his lunch! The fact that one can traverse Africa from the Cape to Cairo without too much trouble is shown in Miss Chown's book. By a judicious mixture of rail and lake steamer, or coastal deviations, the journey can be accomplished with only a couple of breaks of several hundred miles. Both breaks involve a strenuous *trek* with native porters through the sleeping-sickness area. Miss Chown saw grey herds of elephants in the distance, but the chief perils of a rough journey were

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insects which dig themselves into the foot, and pestiferous mosquitoes.

So far the strenuousness of travel. Major Enriquez is a practised writer, and his new book on the Malay Peninsula condenses and particularizes one's very floating impressions drawn from Wallace and Evolution, of flying foxes and serpents, riotous junglewood, and astonishing insects. One may note the ingenuity in spiritual matters of one poor little tribe that lives on roots, lizards, and the takings of the blowpipe; a dried honeycomb is hung outside the leaf hut in order that inimical spirits may lose their way in the sweet hexagons. Major Enriquez has sharp things to say about Chinese interpenetration, and what appears to be the excessive motherliness of British administration. Mr. Dickinson bartered among South Sea canoes for turtleshell, copra, vegetable ivory, and pearl shell, and attempts to jot down life as it is lived in those forcible and delectable regions. Apparently skippers in the Pacific still speak entirely by expletives. As the literary primers point out, nothing is more unreal than the direct reporting of forcible conversation.

Mr. Coke popularizes the extremely varied ups-and-downs of Baghdad from the days of the great Caliph of the nurseries to its capture by the late General Maude. A city without important buildings or ruins, younger even than London, it has an aggregate personality that is both bewildering and fascinating. How much may be passed over by the ordinary tourist is shown by Mr. Reynolds-Ball in his descriptions of the daily life of Piedmont. That rather monotonous plain is usually seen only from the railway carriage window. Here is revealed a strong folk-life with its lore, ballads, and mediæval customs, such as the *Bugata*, a festive and communal washing-day. Portugal has been equally neglected, and Mr. Marden's plain and rather humdrum account at least gives us the sensation of a people suddenly discovered minding their own business, living their own very Peninsular lives: the feeling one gets if one suddenly steps off a train at a small town ignored by the guide-books. Mr. Marden writes with nervous enthusiasm of Manueline architecture. That florid and joyful combination of Gothic and Renaissance, with its twisted cables of stone, its armillary spheres and intricate traceries, for which gorgeous is the only word, has been neglected or despised by the textbooks. A revival of interest, since the baroque is fashionable, should be imminent. Rapturous as its title is "Mallorca the Magnificent," The Balearic Isles have been discovered since the rate of exchange began to dance after the War. Miss Duryea loved everything in the Moorish island of Raymond Lull. Her glimpses of peasant and aristocratic life, of old towers, furniture, and heirlooms, gives one really a sense of richness which justifies the title. One forgets how poor Chopin endured a stoveless winter there, surrounded by the devastating tenderness of George Sand. Miss Elsner writes with ingenuous delight of the Basque people and their traditional dances without having anything really new to tell us. Mr. Brown is very conscious of the fact that one cannot be original when writing of Greece. He tells us little more about modern Athens than the fact that it is a city of incessant dust and shoeblacks.

The last two books on our list have a definite literary quality and charm. "What I Saw in Russia," has the tranquil yet assiduous grace which distinguishes Mr. Baring's prose. One remembers best the rather gentle impressions of evening in a Russia that is gone, the vague melancholy of the endless plains and the declining light, the little stir in bushy river hollows. One is grateful, too, remembering the caption writers, for the lack of emphasis. The mid-Victorian letters of Lady Duff Gordon have tenderness and vivacity, and an unmistakable style, the outcome of a generous and cultured personality. Her sympathy for the Malay emigrants and the black races offended her friends. Here in these pages is penned a changing, rather shabby Cape Town, with a lingering old-world charm from quaint houses of the burghers and delightful Dutch interiors.

## TOLSTOY

Tolstoy. By HUGH F.A. FAUSSET. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

OUR appreciation of the world's greatest novelist cannot but be attended by exasperation at the spiritual confusion which reigned in the man himself, which became more and more apparent in his imaginative work, and ended by ruining what might else have been a great novel—"Resurrection." The itch produced by this deplorable discrepancy has resulted in a large literature of the subject; Mr. Fausset's work may surely be considered as definitive, within the limits set by the sub-title: "The Inner Drama." The great virtue of his book lies, not in originality of thesis (that, in the nature of the case, has become impossible), but in the clear, sympathetic, and convincing way in which the phases of the drama and their implications are stated. Thus, though it is perhaps to Merejkovsky, more than to any other critic, that we owe the theory of Tolstoy as "the novelist of the body," yet this theory is expanded and clarified very considerably by Mr. Fausset, and receives new weight from its position with regard to the rest of the argument.

Tolstoy was a typical romantic in that, when he encountered some phenomenon of existence which aroused in him either violent love or violent hate (generally the latter), instead of examining the matter coolly in the light of reason and endeavouring thus to disperse his frenzy, he would instantly begin to construct a wall, either to include the object with himself (if he loved it), or to exclude it (if he hated it). This way lie ultimate confusion and death, as Tolstoy was to find. If he had been able for one single moment to look calmly into the face of (1) Physical Love, (2) Physical Death, a great soul might have been unified and the world would perhaps (but only perhaps) be richer for several more novels as great as "War and Peace," in place of the confused secular theology and vague social moralizing on which we now look so sadly. It is, of course, undeniable that, if he had not regarded death with so great a horror and felt so strongly the physical attraction of women, Tolstoy might have been unable to depict either with that sensuous mastery which we now admire in his best imaginative work. The deaths of Ivan Ilyitch and of Nicolai Levin, the charm of Anna Karenin—these might have lost some of their sheer physical power over the reader; but in their stead a more balanced judgment could not have failed to improve the total effect of the works in which they occur. If Tolstoy's enslavement by women had not led him to despise them as mere animals (here was the wall built between himself and them), he would have recognized the inherent immorality of loveless marriages and "Anna Karenin" would have had a different orientation. Would the scene of her death then have been less moving? Perhaps, but not necessarily. Tolstoy's too great sense of the body often produces a suffocating effect, as in the passage in "War and Peace," where Prince Andrey watches the soldiers bathing in the muddy pond. Turgenev, whose humorous worldliness and good sense caused him to be despised by both Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, spoke the truth when he said that Tolstoy's chief fault consisted in the absence of *spiritual freedom*. Chained to the flesh, he attempted only those methods of escape as would serve to tighten the chains upon him.

But great as was Tolstoy's mental confusion as to physical love and death, that which led to his ill-advised attempt to live the life of a peasant was founded upon a still deeper and more fatal error. Mr. Fausset has stated it brilliantly:—

"The vigorous body of the peasant, hardened by constant manual labour, and the lack of grasping egotism which often goes with it, are moral as all that lives and dies according to nature is moral. But this is not the highest morality, nor can a man who has outgrown a physical acquiescence relapse into it without denying the particular divinity within him. Such a relapse is forbidden to all in whom reason has lit her fatal and sublime lamp."

Dostoevsky, again, realized this, and remarked that it was folly on Tolstoy's part to think that he could "be" a peasant merely by donning a smock. To be a peasant it is necessary to be born and reared as one; you cannot *become* one at will, if the intellect has once been developed in you. The truth is that Tolstoy was preoccupied, from first to last, with himself. It was his own soul he was concerned to save—

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not those of others; and, as Mr. Fausset points out, *the peasants recognized this* and refused to be taken in by their master posing as one of themselves, ostensibly for the good of mankind, but in reality from a frantic desire to escape from his own tortured self.

It is a depressing picture, and Mr. Fausset has drawn it well (some of our contemporary anti-intellectuals might read these passages with profit). The fundamentally self-regarding system of ethics upon which Tolstoy eventually founded his criticism of life and art destroyed the value of most of that criticism, though, upon the broadest lines, we may have much sympathy with his point of view—especially as against the art-for-art's-sake school that was so much in vogue in his day. But his attacks on Beethoven and Shakespeare are really unworthy of an answer, "because they excited him without appeasing, and fought to a victorious conclusion the battle in which he sought to justify his own defeat"—the final phase of which, in its terrible pathos, forms one of the most awful pages in the history of the solitary human soul. One is forced to the conclusion that Tolstoy made a greater muddle of himself than any other great man one can recall. But, at the same time, it is as well to remember that it was the kind of muddle that only a great-souled man could have made.

Mr. Fausset is a clever writer, in the best sense of that much-abused word. He writes beautifully, with great precision of thought and phrase, and one has the impression throughout his book that, if what he says has been said before, it has nowhere else been so well said; and to restate a thought really well is almost to originate one. His is an important book.

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"O dearly, sincerely  
I love thee, Mary Anne;  
More kindly, more blindly,  
None love another can (*sic*)."

might, from a hint given in "Lavengro," have well become "ancient Armenian." But he has been very loyal to the Borrow joke; he describes Borrow's learning as "not precisely academic but scholarly in spirit and of furious industry," and does nothing to labour this humour. He is

content to let all true Borrowians recognize for themselves that the poem which stands as representative for the Basque and celebrates a well-stewed pigeon, did duty before in *Wild Wales* as praise of a Cymric leg of mutton. And he has used just the right lightness of touch in "We cannot with any accuracy discover how closely he followed his originals": a fool would have brutally collated Borrow's translation from the Polish of Mickiewicz:—

"For in Wilna I've vowed that three trumpeters loud  
I'd dispatch unto lands of like number,  
To make Russ Olgierd vapour, and Pole Skirgiel caper,  
And to rouse German Kiestut from slumber,"

with the original which runs something like this: "I have heard that in Vilna the herald has proclaimed three campaigns this summer, Olgierd's against the Russians, Skirgiel's against the Poles, and Kiestut's against the German Knights of the Cross"; and so would have spoilt the joke. That he has refrained entirely from notes philological, critical and historical on Borrow's grotesqueries speaks well for Mr. Johnson's advanced sense of humour. True Borrowians will thank him for his restraint: and will find the jewels for themselves, particularly a delicious "Erl-Konig," which is almost as good as Mark Twain's translation of the "Lorelei" in "A Tramp Abroad," and a translation from the Turkish (did Borrow learn the song from the fig-gatherer, I wonder?) called "The Renegade," in which occurs the stanza:—

"Then the gauzes removes he which shade her,  
At her beauty all wonder intensely;  
One moment the pasha surveyed her  
Then, dropping his chebouk, without sense lay."

"The bird-notes of natural song!" Mr. Johnson has carried on the joke right to the end, where he prints Borrow's "Desiderabilia Vitae"—"An Arabic book to study, A gipsy pony to ride"—without explaining ponderously that to Borrow the fact that it was an Arabic book was more important than that it was an interesting or well-written Arabic book, and the fact that it was a gipsy pony was more important than that it was sound either in wind or limb. We should be very grateful both to Mr. Brimley Johnson and to Professor Wright, his fellow-humourist.

ROBERT GRAVES.

### BIRD BOOKS

*Realities of Bird Life.* By EDMUND SELOUS. (Constable, 14s.)

*The Charm of Birds.* By VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

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*Among Our Banished Birds.* By BENTLEY BEETHAM. (Arnold, 10s. 6d.)

To the making of bird books there seems no end; each autumn brings its crop, and the present one is no exception, but if all were as good as the present batch neither reader nor reviewer would have cause to complain. Of course, Mr. Edmund Selous's book is the one which the keen naturalist seizes first, and indeed it not only comes up to all the expectations raised by his former writings, but surpasses them, for in it is embodied the life-work of this unequalled field naturalist.

Compared with it, Lord Grey's pleasant essays on bird life and Mr. Collett's charming discourses are armchair books. To say that they are in a different class is no disrespect to two most readable books, full of sound natural history, if containing little that is new, because they are in fact totally different things. Mr. Collett's volume gives one the impression of having been written chapter by chapter at some comfortable desk; Lord Grey's thoughts on bird life come chiefly from his Northumberland home—all bird lovers should read his account of taming robins—and not a little of their charm arises from the simplicity and beauty of the language in which they are expressed; but when we turn to Mr. Selous's volume, what a contrast we find! No smooth, finished workmanship here, no perfect polish, nor that simplicity which, like the simplicity of expensive clothes, is the highest art of all, but real open-air notes, often involved in expression, often as intricate as the happenings they describe, but embodying to an extraordinary degree, not only the facts observed, but the spirit of the wild, the very essence of the scene, until the reader feels that he too is out in the dawn

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with herons croaking their love songs in the great basket-work cradles of their nests in the trees overhead.

To the uninitiated it may seem a simple thing to sit notebook in hand and record exactly what a bird does. Only those who have tried know, first, how difficult it is to observe exactly—you are so apt to write down what you *think* has happened—and, secondly, how supremely difficult it is to record fully and accurately what you really have seen. Yet Mr. Selous's book is the outcome of a lifetime devoted to such intensive bird watching, being the actual field notes made on various species, and is crammed from cover to cover with original observations that throw light on the mentality of birds, on their behaviour, and their psychology, as exhibited under many and diverse conditions. It is a mine of information for biologist and comparative psychologist, the more so that the author worked not haphazard, but with a definite object in view, namely, to obtain evidence for or against the Darwinian theory of sexual selection. Hence the greater part of the book is devoted to observations on what he terms the nuptial activities of birds, *i.e.*, upon their behaviour before and during courtship, their mating, and (if the term is permitted us) their married life. It is of the highest interest to find that he has in several cases, notably in the case of that peculiar bird, the ruff, seen the females display preference for certain males, the crucial point in the theory of sexual selection, and one much assailed by the critics of recent years.

The worst of the "Realities of Bird Life" is that one could go on discussing it and quoting from it all day, at any rate to much greater length than a review permits, especially with another book yet awaiting mention. This is Mr. Beetham's account of certain birds that were once natives of England, but have now vanished, at any rate as breeding species. Anxious to obtain photographs of them at the nest he made expeditions abroad, in particular to the Spanish marismas, marshy, watery wastes, where bird life abounds, where stilts nest, and red-necked grebes, whiskered terns, avocets, &c., and where he obtained some striking photographs. But the best of his illustrations are, I think, those of egrets (also taken in Spain), in particular the one showing this exquisite heron at the nest, "The hen egret awaits her lord." It illustrates Mr. Beetham's remarks on "osprey" plumes and aigrettes, really egret feathers, and the iniquitous trade in these breeding season adornments. Most of the facts have been given before, but they cannot be too often repeated, though it is incredible that any decent woman would deck herself with feathers obtained as these are, that is, by the slaughter of nesting birds.

FRANCES PITT.

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Born in 1847, Sir Alexander spent his childhood in Edinburgh, where his father was a well-known orchestral conductor. The boy was early initiated into the then flourishing musical and theatrical life of the city, and met many contemporary platform and stage celebrities, though—alas! for the transience of fame—how few of the names mentioned will convey anything to the younger reader of to-day! But the general picture given us of mid-Victorian Edinburgh, when the rigour of the law was still liable to visit those who indulged in "secular" music during church hours on the Sabbath, is vivid and amusing. After a period of train-

ing under Stein and Ulrich at Sondershausen, where he first met Liszt, Sir Alexander settled in London at the age of fifteen, and, while accepting chance engagements as violinist and accompanist on all sorts of platforms, select and vulgar, won a King's Scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music, of which, many years later, he was to become the long-reigning President. Service under Costa—who, we are told, carried a warm heart beneath the terrifying manner of the drill-sergeant—followed; and among Sir Alexander's subsequent activities may be mentioned his ten-years' choir-mastership of St. George's Church, Edinburgh, and his long association, as composer and conductor, with the Carl Rosa Company. Of his own compositions, many of them written hurriedly for festivals or anniversaries, Sir Alexander gives us some interesting details; and his nearest approach to a personal grumble is when he complains of the inconsistent attitude of the British public, which laments the dearth of English music while offering no financial inducement to composers to produce it. Upon "some of those ultra-modern keyboard concoctions now in vogue," the writer expresses opinions almost as pungent as Sir Henry Coward's. But he remains an optimist; for revolt, though "not an hour too soon," is, he thinks, everywhere apparent:—

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